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ANDREW THE GLAD

BY MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

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CHAPTER I (Continued.)

"As I stood before the case and looked at them the tragedy of all the long fight came back to me. I caught my breath and turned away—and there stood a girl! I knew her instantly, for I was looking straight into Mary Caroline's own purple eyes. Then I just opened my arms and held her close, calling Mary Caroline's name over and over. There was no one else in the great room and it was quiet and solemn and still. Then she put her hand against my face and looked at me and said in the loveliest tenderest voice:

"'It's my mother's Matilda, isn't it? I have the old daguerreotype!' And I smiled back and we kissed each other and cried—and then cried some more.'

"I haven't a doubt of those tears," answered the major in a suspiciously gruff voice. "But where's the girl? Why didnt you bring her right back with you? She is ours, Matilda, that purple-eyed girl. When is she coming? Call Temple and tell her to have Jane get those two southwing rooms ready right away. I want Jeff to fill up the decanters with the fifty-six claret, too, and to put—"

"But wait, Major, I couldn't get her to come home with me! We went out into the sunshine and for a long drive into the country. We talked and talked. It is the saddest thing in the world, but she is convinced that her mother's people are not going to like her. She has been taught that we are so prejudiced. I think she has found out about the carpetbagging. She is so sensitive! She came because she couldn't help it; she wanted just to see her mother's country. She's only been here two days. She intends to steal away back now, over to Europe, I think. I tried to make her see—"

"Matilda," said the major sternly, "go right back and tell that child to pack her dimity and come straight here to me. Carpetbagging, indeed! Mary Caroline's girl with purple eyes! Did old Brown have any purple eyes. I'd like to know?"

"I made her promise not to go until tomorrow. I think she would feel differently if we could get her to stay a little while. I want her to stay. She is so lonely. My little boy loved Mary Caroline and grieved for her when she went away. I feel I must have this child to comfort for a time at least."

"Of course she must stay. Did she promise she wouldn't slip away from you?"

"Yes, but I'm uneasy. I think I will go down to her hotel right now. Do you mind about being alone for lunch? Does Tempie get your coffee right?"

"She does pretty well considering that she hasn't been tasting it for thirty years. But you go get that child, Matilda. Bring her right back with you. Don't stop to argue with her. I'll attend to all that later; just bring her home!"

And as Mrs. Buchanan departed the major rose and stood at the window until he saw her get into her carriage and be driven out of sight. Looking down the vista of the long street, his eyes had a faraway tender light, and as he turned and took up his pipe from the table his thoughts slipped back into the province of memory. He settled himself in his chair before his fire to muse a bit between the whiffs of his heart-leaf. And Mary Caroline Darrah's girl had come home—home to her own, he mused. There was mystery in it, the mystery that sometimes brands the unborn. Brown had never let Mary Caroline come back and the few letters she had written had told them little of the life she led. The constraint had wrung his wife's yearning heart. Only a letter had come when somehow the news had reached her of the death of Matilda's boy, and it had been wild and sweet and athrob with her love of them. And in its pages her own hopes for the spring were confessed in a passion of desire to give and claim sympathy. Her child had been born and she was dead and buried before they had heard of it 23 years ago! And Matilda's grief for her own child had been always mingled with love and longing for the motherless, unattainable young thing across the distance. Brown had kept the girl to himself and had never brought her back—because he dared not.

The major's powerful old hands clutched around the arms of his chair and his eyes glowed into the embers like live sparks. It was years, nearly 20 years ago—but, God, how the tragedy of it came back! The hot blood beat into his veins and he could feel it and see it all. Would the picture always burn in his brain? Nearly 30 years ago—

The logs crashed apart in the hearth and with a start the major rose to his feet, a tear dashed aside under his shaggy old eyebrows. He would go back to his Immortals—and forget. Perhaps Phoebe would come in for lunch. That would make forgetting easier.

Where had the girl been for the last few days? He smiled as he found himself in something of David's dismay at not having seen the busy young woman for quite a time.

And it was perhaps an hour later that, as he sat in the breakfast room partaking of his lunch in solitary comfort, lost to the world, his wish for her brought its materialization. He had the morning's paper propped up before him and an outspread book rested by his plate, while he held a large volume balanced on his knee, which he paused occasionally to consult.

Mrs. Buchanan had telephoned that she would be home with her guest at 5 o'clock and his mind was filled with pleasant anticipation. But there was never a time with the major, no matter how filled the life was around him with the excitement of events, with the echo of joy or woe, the clash of social strife or the turmoil of vaster interests, when he failed to be able to plunge into his books and lose himself completely.

He was in the act of consuming a remnant of a corn muffin and a draft from his paper at the same time, when he heard a merry voice in laughing greeting to Jeff, and the rose damask curtains that hung between the breakfast room and the hall parted, and Phoebe stood framed against their heavy folds. She was the freshest, most radiant, tailor-made vision imaginable and the major smiled a large joyful smile at the sight of her.

"Come in, come in, my dear; you are just in time for a hot muffin and a fried chicken wing!" he exclaimed as he rose and drew her to the table. The old volume crashed to the floor unheeded.

"Oh, no, Major, thank you, I couldn't think of it," exclaimed Phoebe. "I'm lunching on a glass of malted milk and a raw egg these days. I lost a pound and three-quarters last week and I feel so slim and graceful." As she spoke she ran her hands down the charming lines of her tall figure and turned slowly around for him to get the full effect of her loss. She was most beautifully set up and the long lines melted into curves where gracious curves ought to be.

"Nonsense, nonsense, Phoebe Donelson!" exclaimed the major. "Every pound is an added charm. Sit here beside me." And he drew her into a chair at the corner of the table.

In a twinkling of her black eyes Tempie had served her with the golden muffins and crisp chicken. With a long sigh of absolute rapture Phoebe resigned herself to the inevitable crash of her resolutions.

"Ah, I never was so miserable and so happy in all my life before," she said. "I'm so hungry—and I'm so stout—and these muffins are wickedly delicious."

"Phoebe," said the major sternly, "instead of starving yourself to death you need to lie awake at night with lovers' troubles. Why, the summer I courted Matailda I could have wrapped my belt around me twice. I have never been portly since. It's loving you need, good, hard, miserable loving. Didn't you ever hear of a 'lean and hungry lover'? Your conduct is positively—have another muffin and this little slice of upper joint — I say positively, unwomanly inhuman. Are there no depths of pity in your breast? Is your bosom of adamant? When did you see David Kildare? He is in a most pitiable condition. He left here not an hour ago and I felt—"

"Don't worry over David, please, Major," said Phoebe as she paused with a bit of buttered muffin suspended on the way to her white teeth. "He is the most riotously—thank you, Tempie, just one more—happy individual I know. What he wants he has, and he sees to it that he has what he wants—to which add a most glorious leisure in which to want and have."

"Phoebe, David Kildare has an aching void in his heart that weighs just 136 pounds, lacking now I believe one and three-quarters pounds plus three muffins and a half chicken. How can you be so heartless?" The major bent a benignly stern glance upon her which she returned with the utmost unconcern.

"He did not see you all of yesterday or the day before and only once on Monday, and then you—"

"That sounds like one of those rhyming calendars, my dear Major.

"Monday I am going far away,
Tuesday I'll be busy all the day,
Wednesday is the day I study French,
Thursday is the—"

and Phoebe hummed the little nonsense jingle to him in a most beguiling manner.

The major laughed delightedly. "Phoebe, some day you will be held responsible for David Kildare's—"

"But, my dear Major," interrupted Phoebe, "how could I be expected to work all day for raiment and food, with malted milk and eggs at the price they are now, and then be responsible for such a perfectly irresponsible person as David Kildare? Why, just yesterday, while I was writing up the Farrell debutante tea with the devil waiting at my elbows for copy and the composing room in a stew, he called me twice over the wire. He knew better, but didn't care."

"Still, my dear, still it's love," said the major as he looked at her thoughtfully and dropped the banter that had been in his voice since she had come in. "A boy's? Perhaps, but I think not. You'll see! It's a call, a call that must be answered some time, child—and a mystery." For a moment the major sat and looked deep into the gray eyes raised to his in quick responsiveness to the change in his mood. "Don't trifle with love, girl, it's God Almighty's dower to a woman. It's hers! though she pays a bitter price for it. It's a wonder and a worker of wonders. It has all come home to me today and I think you will understand when I tell you about—"

"Major," interrupted Tempie with a broad grin on her black face, "Mr. Dave, he done telephoned fer you ter keep Miss Phoebe till he gits here. He says he'll hold you and me 'sponsible, sir."

A quick flush rose to Phoebe's cheeks and she laughed as she collected her notebook and pinned down her veil all at the same time with a view to instant flight. She gave neither the major nor Tempie time for remonstrance.

"Goodby!" she called from the hall. "I only came into tell Mrs. Matilda that I would meet her at the Cantrell tea at 5:15 and afterward we could make that visit together. The muffins were divine!"

"Tempie," remarked the major as he looked up at her over the devastated table with an imperturbable smile, "I have decided positively that women are just half-breed angels with devil markings all over their dispositions."

And having received which admonition with the deepest respect, Tempie immediately fell into a perfect whirlwind of guest preparations which involved the pompous Jefferson, her husband, and the meek Jane, her daughter. The major issued her numberless, perfectly impossible but solicitous orders, and then retired to his library chair with his mind at ease and his books at hand.

And it was in the violet-flamed dusk, as he sat with his immortal friends ranged around, that Mrs. Matilda brought the treasure home to him. She was a very lovely thing, a flagrant flower of a woman with the tender shyness of a child in her manner, as she laid her hands in his outheld to her with his courtly old-world grace.

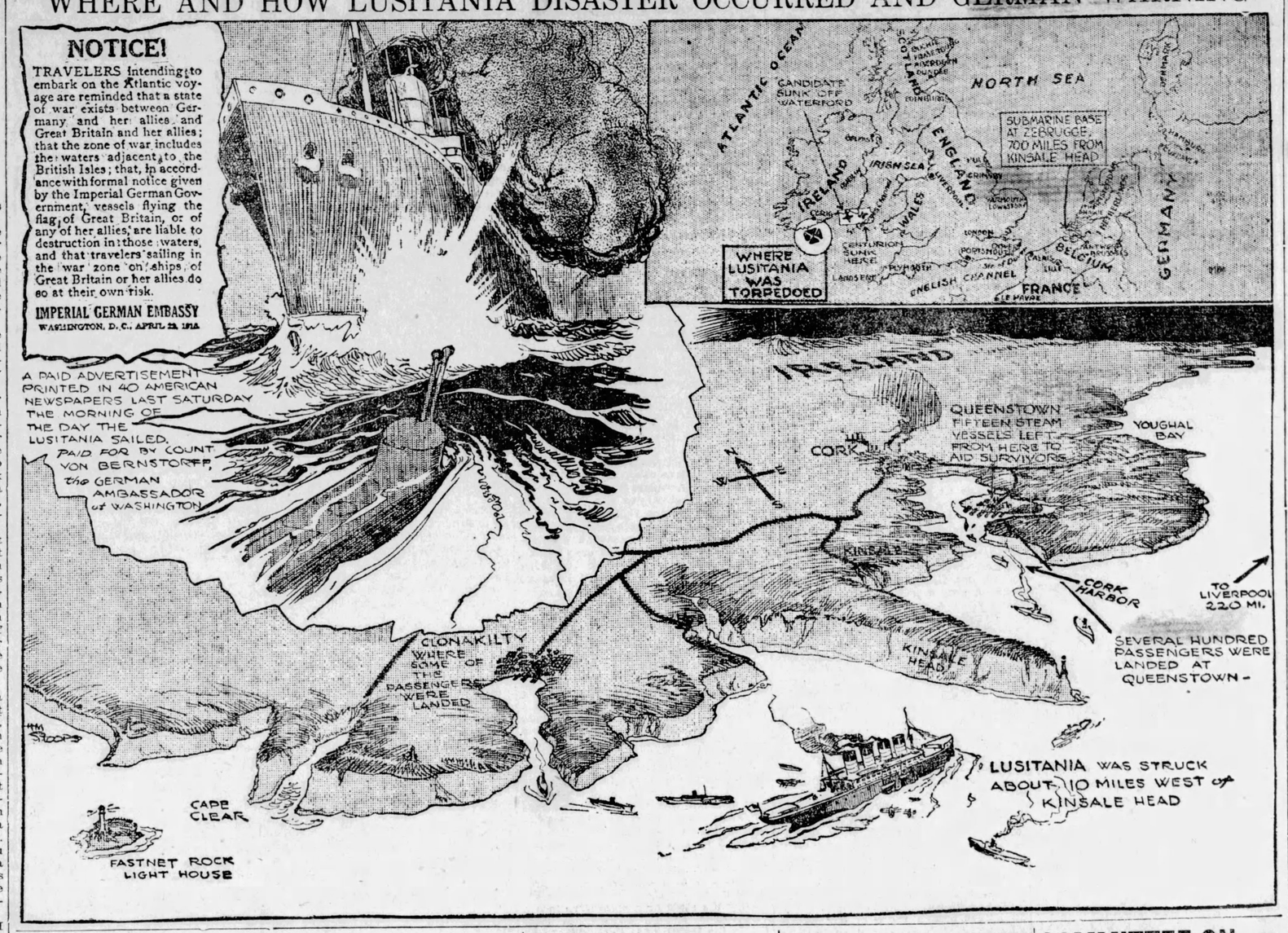
"My dear, my dear," he said as he drew her near to him, "here's a welcome that's been ready for you twenty years, you slip of a girl you, with your mother's eyes. Did you think you could get away from Matilda and me when we've been waiting for you all this time?"

"I may have thought so, but when I saw her I knew I couldn't; didn't want to even," she answered him in a low voice that hinted of close-lying tears.

"Child, Matilda has had a heart trap

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

WHERE AND HOW LUSITANIA DISASTER OCCURRED AND GERMAN WARNING


NOTICE!
TRAVELERS intending to embark on the Atlantic voyage are reminded that a state of war exists between Germany and her allies and Great Britain and her allies; that the zone of war includes the waters adjacent to the British Isles; that, in accordance with formal notice given by the Imperial German Government, vessels flying the flag of Great Britain, or of any of her allies, are liable to destruction in those waters, and that travelers sailing in the war zone on ships of Great Britain or her allies do so at their own risk.
IMPERIAL GERMAN EMBASSY
WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 22, 1915.
A PAID ADVERTISEMENT PRINTED IN 40 AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS LAST SATURDAY THE MORNING OF THE DAY THE LUSITANIA SAILED.
PAID FOR BY COUNT VON BERNSTORFF, the GERMAN AMBASSADOR at WASHINGTON
ATLANTIC OCEAN
CANDIDATE SUNK OFF WATERFORD
SCOTLAND
NORTH SEA
SUBMARINE BASE AT ZEBRUGGE, 700 MILES FROM KINSALE HEAD
IRELAND
IRISH SEA
ENGLAND
WALES
GERMANY
BELGIUM
FRANCE
ENGLISH CHANNEL
WHERE LUSITANIA WAS TORPEDOED
IRELAND
QUEENSTOWN FIFTEEN STEAM VESSELS LEFT FROM HERE TO AID SURVIVORS
YOUGHAL BAY
CORK
CORK HARBOR
TO LIVERPOOL 220 MI.
KINSALE HEAD
SEVERAL HUNDRED PASSENGERS WERE LANDED AT QUEENSTOWN
CLONAKILTY WHERE SOME OF THE PASSENGERS WERE LANDED
HM SLOOPS
LUSITANIA WAS STRUCK ABOUT 10 MILES WEST OF KINSALE HEAD
CAPE CLEAR
FASTNET ROCK LIGHT HOUSE

FIRST BATTLE OF ITS KIND STAGED IN WAR

Zeppelin Vanquishes British Submarine Foe.

Aerial and under water craft have clashed in the first battle of the kind. The European war brought about this unusual event when a fighting ship that flies in the air dropping bombs, battled with the undersea destroyers.

According to a Berlin official communication a Zeppelin has sunk a British submarine. The engagement took place last week in the North sea according to the report. The Zeppelin was speeding toward England when several British submarines were sighted and the airship began to circle over the boats and drop bombs.

The submarines replied to the fire, but the report says the airship escaped injury. Near the end of the battle a bomb from the airship struck one of the British craft, and with the explosion the submarine was lifted partially out of the water, and then sunk with all on board. The British admiralty did not issue any statement on the report.

GERMANS BEAT SHELLING RECORD

Shots That Reached Dunkirk Covered Distance of 23.5 Miles.

The shelling of the French seaport of Dunkirk by a large weapon, or weapons, in land pits on the German line in Flanders, located near Nieuport, at a 22-mile range, is declared by American experts to constitute the greatest long range firing ever accomplished in actual warfare. There are several recorded instances where guns fired projectiles for greater distances in times of peace, but the German record is the best ever made in time of war.

From French sources comes the report that the German "terror" has been silenced. Whether the weapon was worn out by the method of fire, which the most powerful weapons do not resist long, or whether the continual presence of aeroplanes had the effect of stopping the firing is not stated. At all events the Germans for two days fired shells into Dunkirk with telling effect and caused great destruction among business blocks.

Ordnance and artillery experts in Washington are of the opinion that the Germans used 12-inch shells in their bombardment of Dunkirk. They calculate that the guns were set at an angle of 45 degrees and that in traversing the 22 miles to Dunkirk the highest point reached by the shells was seven miles. The speed, it is estimated, was such that it required 107 seconds for the shell to reach Dunkirk after leaving the muzzle of the cannon. If 12-inch shells were used, they weighed about 1,000 pounds each and it cost the Germans $1,000 for each shot fired.

The French are greatly perplexed at the bombardment of Dunkirk. They know little of the new German gun, which spies assert is of the marine type and was made by the Krupps.

Ordnance experts in the United States service declare that coast defense guns in use on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts can fire 31 miles if elevated at an angle of 45 degrees. They figure that the shells from the guns would reach a height of 10 miles and that the accuracy with which such firing could be done would be amazing.

DISCOVERS FOSSIL BACTERIA

Dr. Walcott finds Some 20 or 30 Million Years Old.

Marvelous as were the discoveries of such prehistoric monsters as the mammoth, the mastodon and the stegosaurus, they are now eclipsed by recent investigations, which show the most minute microbes and bacteria in fossil form. The ancestors of our modern infectious disease germs and microbes have beeen found in fossils of the earliest life on the earth.

Fossil bacteria have been discovered in very ancient limestones collected by Dr. Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, in Gallatin county, Montana.

The microscope shows these very minute forms of life, some 20 or 30 million of years old. The bacteria were discovered in three sections cut from an algal form included under the generic name Gallatinia, named after the great American explorer Gallatin.

The bacteria consist of individual cells and apparent chains of cells which correspond in their physical appearance with the cells of Micrococci, a form of bacteria of today. The world has believed that bacteria were modern forms of life, but now we are made to realize that they existed in the dawn of world history, many million years ago.

RECLAMATION OF LAND

Waterways in Florida Should Have Practical Value.

The series of waterways that Florida is constructing one by one should have a practical value already demonstrated. Two years ago engineering plans were perfected for the drainage of some 5,000,000 acres of land in the Everglades, work being begun shortly afterward. Now two canals are approaching completion and the third has just been contracted for. At a cost of a dollar an acre a large tract of land will not only cease to be a menace to health, but will be available for agricultural uses. Incidentally, these canals will serve as a standing example to Georgia. She has, according to the admission of the Atlanta Journal, more swamp and overflow land than any other state on the Atlantic coast—2,700,000 acres. The difference that proper drainage would make is shown by the fact that at present the average taxable value of this area, while drained it would be worth at least fifty times that amount. —New York Post.

COMMITTEE ON RURAL CREDITS

No Rural Credits Legislation Passed as Yet by Congress.

Many letters received at the department's offices in Washington indicate a widespread belief that the last congress passed legislation establishing a system of rural credits under which the federal government advances money directly to farmers. No such legislation and no such system is in operation. What the congress did do was to constitute a joint committee of the senate and the house of representatives to draw up "a bill or bills providing for the establishment of a system of rural credits adapted to American needs and conditions." The committee is to report by January 1, 1916.

This committee will have at its disposal the information collected in the course of two years' study by the department of the problems of rural organization. In 1913 a commission was sent abroad to investigate European methods of advancing money for agricultural improvement; at the same time it was realized that, to make this investigation fruitful, conditions at home should be studied, and the department undertook this work in June, 1913, in co-operation with certain educational associations.

The department began by collecting information on the prevailing rates of interest on farm loans in different sections of the country, the reasons for the variations, and the sources from which the loans were obtained, such as banks, insurance companies, building and loan associations, mortgage companies, etc. Not only mortgages, but short-time loans as well, were considered and the effects of state legislation gone into.

In December, 1913, the information already collected was laid before committees of congress in a series of hearings, but no rural credits legislation was enacted, either then or in the session which closed on March 4, 1915. In the meantime, however, the department took up the question of co-operative credit associations and other forms of organization for credit improvement and has given active field assistance along these lines. The department has also rendered assistance to a number of states in the matter of rural credits legislation. At the present time, therefore, its work consists of both investigation and demonstration — investigation of existing conditions and the difficulties to be faced, and demonstrations of the ways in which these difficulties may be surmounted.

CORN GROWER'S CHANCE

"The corn growing states," remarked a banker who is well posted on all things agricultural, "now have an opportunity to greatly increase the demand and consumption of their product, due to the heavy withdrawals of wheat from this country. Few people in the east know anything about corn bread, which I regard as more wholesome than wheat bread.

"The corn state should now start a campaign looking toward the substitution of corn bread for wheat bread. Let Europe have our wheat. We can spare it if even a small percentage of the people of this country learn to make corn bread as it should be made. They will find it better than wheat bread. All the corn states should get together, as the war gives them the opportunity of a lifetime to expand and increase their wealth."—Wall Street Journal.

2,000 OR MORE LIVES AND 110 SHIPS THE TOLL

Lusitania Gives Only One More Evidence of the Power of the Underseas Fighting of Kaiser.

About 2,000 lives, possibly more, and 110 ships, three of them flying the American flag, lost.

That is the toll of the German blockade since it became effective Feb. 18, last.

Since the blockade became effective the German undersea boats have demanded almost a daily toll of shipping and have spread terror among the mariners of the North sea and the "war zone" of the British Isles. The past two months have seen the most striking evidence of the effectiveness of submarines in the history of warfare.

Twenty-nine Sunk Since May 1.

The sinking of the Lusitania Friday brings the total of vessels destroyed by the Germans in the war zone of the British Isles up to 29 boats since May 1.

Three of the vessels destroyed were American ships, the Evelyn and Carib, carrying cotton to Bremen, and the Gulflight, sunk by a mine in the North sea, with the loss of three lives. Other neutral ships flying Norwegian, Swedish, Dutch and Greek flags, have been sunk.

Upon England has fallen the greatest weight of the German submarine war, 81 of the 110 vessels sunk flying the British flag. The majority of the sunken craft have been trawlers, but freight vessels of every size have gone down also.

Two passenger ships are included in the list of vessels sunk, the Falaba, which was torpedoed and sunk with the loss of 111 lives, including that of an American, and the Lusitania. Two British converted cruisers have been destroyed. Recently the German government hinted at a war upon the fishing fleets of England with the intent to starve out the British.

Three American Vessels.

The list of vessels sunk since February 18 includes 81 British, 10 Norwegian, two Swedish, four Dutch, three Russian, one Portuguese, two Greek, four French and three American.

Most of these vessels were torpedoed by German submarines, although in some cases it has not been established whether the damage was inflicted by mines or under-water boats.

Establishment of the German war zone was decreed on February 4, to take effect on February 18. The German government's decree defined the war zone as including "all the waters surrounding Great Britain and Ireland, including the entire English channel," although stating specifically that shipping north of the Shetland Islands, in the eastern area of the North sea and in a strip 30 miles wide along the Netherlands coast would not be imperiled. The Lusitania, therefore, was in the war zone when sunk.

In the war zone decree, the German government announced its intention "to endeavor to destroy every enemy merchantship found in this area of war," stating that this action had been made necessary by the conduct of Great Britain in carrying on a "mercantile warfare against Germany in a way that defied all the principles of international law."

New Submarines Used.

The German admiralty is reported to have sent newly-constructed submarines of large size and high speed for the present campaign. Few details are available as to the specifications of these vessels. It is said they are able to carry supplies for three months, enabling them to remain out for that length of time without putting into a port or having recourse to a parent ship.

The U-28, one of the powerful German submarines, which sank the British steamer Falaba off St. George's channel, March 28, with the loss of 111 lives, was equipped with four torpedo tubes, two 14-pound disappearing guns and two one-pounders. The Lusitania, with her speed of 25 knots, probably was several knots faster than the submarine which sunk her.

GEORGE V. FIVE YEARS KING

London, May 7.—Yesterday was the fifth anniversary of the accession of King George V. to the British throne. Royal salutes were fired in London and Windsor and the day was otherwise observed.

THE RETURN OF TARZAN

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

CHAPTER XX.

LA.

For a moment Tarzan thought that by some strange freak of fate a miracle had saved him, but when he realized the ease with which the girl had, single handed, beaten off 20 apelike males, and an instant later, as he saw them again take up their dance about him while she addressed them in a singsong monotone, which bore every evidence of rote, he came to the conclusion that it was all but a part of the ceremony of which he was the central figure.

After a moment or two the girl drew a knife from her girdle, and, leaning over Tarzan, cut the bonds from his legs. Then, as the men stopped their dance, and approached, she motioned to him to rise. Placing the rope that had been about his legs around his neck, she led him across the courtyard, the men following in twos.

Through the winding corridors she led, farther and farther into the remoter precincts of the temple, until they came to a great chamber in the center of which stood an altar. Then it was that Tarzan translated the strange ceremony that had preceded his introduction into this holy of holies.

He had fallen into the hands of descendants of the ancient sun worshipers. His seeming rescue by a votaress of the high priestess of the sun had been but a part of the mimicry of their heathen ceremony — the sun looking down upon him through the opening at the top of the court had claimed him as his own, and the priestess had come from the inner temple to save him from the polluting hands of worldlings—to save him as a human offering to their flaming deity.

And had he needed further assurance as to the correctness of his theory he had only to cast his eyes upon the brownish-red stains that caked the stone altar and covered the floor in its immediate vicinity, or to the human skulls which grinned from countless niches in the towering walls.

The priestess led the victim to the altar steps. Again the galleries above filled with watchers, while from an arched doorway at the east end of the chamber a procession of females filed slowly into the room. They wore, like the men, only skins of wild animals caught about their waists with rawhide belts or chains of gold; but the black masses of their hair were incrusted with golden headgear composed of many circular and oval pieces of gold ingeniously held together to form a metal cap from which depended, at each side of the head, long strings of oval pieces falling to the waist.

The females were more symmetrically proportioned than the males, their features were much more perfect, the shapes of their heads and their large, soft, black eyes denoting far greater intelligence and humanity than was possessed by their lords and masters.

Each priestess bore two golden cups, and as they formed in line on either side of the altar the men formed opposite them, advancing and taking each a cup from the female opposite. Then the chant began once more, and presently from a dark passageway beyond the altar another female emerged from the cavernous depths beneath the chamber.

The high priestess, thought Tarzan. She was a young woman with a rather intelligent and shapely face. Her ornaments were similar to those worn by her votaries, but much more elaborate, many being set with diamonds. Her bare arms and legs were almost concealed by the massive, bejeweled ornaments which covered them, while her single leopard skin was supported by a close fitting girdle of golden rings set in strange designs with innumerable small diamonds. In the girdle she carried a long, jeweled knife, and in her hand a slender wand in lieu of a bludgeon.

As she advanced to the opposite side of the altar she halted, and the chanting ceased. The priests and priestesses knelt before her, while with wand extended above them she recited a long and tiresome prayer. Her voice was soft and musical—Tarzan could scarce realize that its possessor in a moment more would be transformed by the fanatical ecstasy of religious zeal into a wild-eyed and bloodthirsty executioner, who, with dripping knife, would be the first to drink her victim's red, warm blood from the little golden cup that stood upon the altar.

As she finished her prayer she let her eyes rest for the first time upon Tarzan. With every indication of considerable curiosity she examined him from head to foot. Then she addressed him, and when she had finished stood waiting, as though she expected a reply.

"I do not understand your language," said Tarzan. "Possibly we may speak together in another tongue?" But she could not understand him, though he tried French, English, Arab, Waziri, and, as a last resort, the mongrel tongue of the West Coast.

She shook her head, and it seemed that there was a note of weariness in her voice as she motioned to the priests to continue with their rites. These now circled in a repetition of their idiotic dance, which was terminated finally at a command from the priestess, who had stood throughout, still looking intently upon Tarzan.

At her signal the priests rushed upon the ape-man, and, lifting him bodily, laid him upon his back across the altar, his head hanging over one edge, his legs over the opposite. Then they and the priestesses formed in two lines, with their little golden cups in readiness to capture a share of the victim's lifeblood after the sacrificial knife had accomplished its work.

In the line of priests an altercation arose as to who should have first place. A burly brute with all the refined intelligence of a gorilla stamped upon his bestial face, was attempting to push a smaller man to second place, but the small one appealed to the high priestess, who in a cold, peremptory voice sent the larger to the extreme end of the line. Tarzan could hear him growling and rumbling as he went slowly to the inferior station.

Then the priestess, standing above him, began reciting what Tarzan took to be an invocation, the while she slowly raised her thin, sharp knife aloft. It seemed ages to the ape-man before her arm ceased its upward progress and the knife halted high above his unprotected breast.

Then it started downward, slowly at first, but as the incantation increased in rapidity, with greater speed. At

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO.

Abe Martin

Boy wonders are rarely ever heard of after they put on long trousers.

You kin allus tell when a feller is out o' politics by th' way he passes ever'buddy an' ever'thing.

The RETURN of TARZAN

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

the end of the line Tarzan could still hear the grumbling of the disgruntled priest. The man's voice rose louder and louder. A priestess near him spoke in sharp tones of rebuke. The knife was quite near to Tarzan's breast now, but it halted for an instant as the high priestess raised her eyes to shoot her swift displeasure at the instigator of this sacrilegious interruption.

There was a sudden commotion in the direction of the disputants, and Tarzan rolled his head in their direction in time to see the burly brute of a priest leap upon the woman opposite him, dashing out her brains with a single blow of his heavy cudgel. Then that happened which Tarzan had witnessed a hundred times before among the wild denizens of his own savage jungle. He had seen the thing fall upon Kerchak, and Tublat, and Terkoz; upon a dozen of the other mighty bull apes of his tribe; and upon Tantor, the elephant; there was scarce any of the males of the forest that did not at times fall prey to it. The priest went mad, and with his heavy bludgeon ran amuck among his fellows.

His screams of rage were frightful as he dashed hither and thither, dealing terrific blows with his giant weapon, or sinking his yellow fangs into the flesh of some luckless victim. And during it the priestess stood with poised knife above Tarzan, her eyes fixed in horror upon the maniacal thing that was dealing out death and destruction to her votaries.

Presently the room was emptied except for the dead and dying on the floor, the victim upon the altar, the high priestess, and the madman. As the cunning eyes of the latter fell upon the woman they lighted with a new and sudden lust. Slowly he crept toward her, and now he spoke; but this time there fell upon Tarzan's surprised ears a language he could understand; the last one that he would ever have thought of employing in attempting to converse with human beings—the low gutteral barking of the tribe of great anthropoids—his own mother tongue. And the woman answered the man in the same language.

He was threatening—she attempting to reason with him, for it was quite evident that she saw that he was past her authority. The brute was quite close now—creeping with claw-like hands extended toward her around the end of the altar.

Tarzan strained at the bonds which held his arms pinioned behind him. The woman did not see—she had forgotten her prey in the horror of the danger that threatened herself. As the brute leaped past Tarzan to clutch his victim, the ape-man gave one superhuman wrench at the thongs that held him. The effort sent him rolling from the altar to the stone floor on the opposite side from that on which the priestess stood; but as he sprang to his feet the thongs dropped from his freed arms, and at the same time he realized that he was alone in the inner temple—the high priestess and the mad priest had disappeared.

And then a muffled scream came from the cavernous mouth of the dark hole beyond the sacrificial altar through which the priestess had entered the temple. Without even a thought for his own safety, or the possibility for escape which this rapid series of fortuitous circumstances had thrust upon him, Tarzan of the Apes answered the call of the woman in danger. With a lithe bound he was at the gaping entrance to the subterranean chamber, and a moment later was running down a flight of age-old concrete steps that led he knew not where.

The faint light that filtered in from above showed him a large, low-ceiled vault from which several doorways led off into inky darkness, but there was no need to thread an unknown way, for there before him lay the objects of his search—the mad brute had the girl upon the floor, and gorillalike fingers were clutching frantically at her throat as she struggled to escape the fury of the awful thing upon her.

As Tarzan's heavy hand fell upon his shoulder the priest dropped his victim, and turned upon her would-be rescuer. With foam-flecked lips and gared fangs, the mad sun-worshiper battled with the tenfold power of the maniac. In the blood lust of his fury the creature had undergone a sudden reversion to type, which left him a wild beast, forgetful of the dagger that projected from his belt—thinking only of nature's weapons with which his brute prototype had battled.

But if he could use his teeth and hands to advantage, he found one even better versed in the school of savage warfare to which he had reverted, for Tarzan of the Apes closed with him, and they fell to the floor tearing and rendering at one another like two bull apes; while the primitive priestess stood flattened against the wall, watching with wide, fear-fascinated eyes the growling, snapping beasts at her feet.

At last she saw the stranger close one mighty hand upon the throat of his antogonist, and as he forced the bruteman's head far back, rain blow after blow upon the upturned face. A moment later he threw the still thing from him, and, arising, shook himself like a great lion. He placed a foot upon the carcass before him, and raised his head to give the victory cry of his kind, but as his eyes fell upon the opening above him leading into the temple of human sacrifice he thought better of his intended act.

The girl, who had been half paralyzed by fear as the two men fought, had just commenced to give thought to her probable fate now that, though released from the clutches of a madman, she had fallen into the hands of one whom but a moment before she had been upon the point of killing. She looked about for some means of escape. The black mouth of a diverging corridor was near at hand, but as she turned to dart into it the ape-man's eyes fell upon her, and with a quick leap he was at her side, and a restraining hand was laid upon her arm.

"Wait!" said Tarzan of the Apes, in the language of the tribe of Kerchak.

The girl looked at him in astonishment.

"Who are you," she whispered, "who speaks the language of the first man?"

"I am Tarzan of the Apes," he answered in the vernacular of the anthropoids.

"What do you want of me?" she continued. "For what purpose did you save me from Tha?"

"I could not see a woman murdered?" It was a half question that answered her.

"But what do you intend to do with me now?" she continued.

"Nothing," he replied, "but you can do something with me—you can lead me out of this place to freedom." He made the suggestion without the slightest thought that she would accede. He felt quite sure that the sacrifice would go on from the point where it had been interrupted if the high priestess had her way, though he was equally positive that they would find Tarzan of the Apes unbound and with a long dagger in his hand a much less tractable victim than Tarzan disarmed and bound.

The girl stood looking at him for a long moment before she spoke.

"You are a very wonderful man," she said. "You are such a man as I have seen in my daydreams ever since I was a little girl. You are such a man as I imagine the forbears of my people must have been—the great race of people who built this mighty city in the heart of a savage world that they might wrest from the bowels of the earth the fabulous wealth for which they had sacrificed their far-distant civilization.

"I cannot understand why you came to my rescue in the first place, and now I cannot understand why, having me within your power, you do not wish to be revenged upon me for having sentenced you to death—for having almost put you to death with my own hand."

"I presume," replied the ape-man, "that you but followed the teachings of your religion. I cannot blame you for that, no matter what I may think of your creed. But who are you—what people have I fallen among?"

"I am La, high priestess of the Temple of the Sun, in the city of Opar. We are descendants of a people who came to this savage world more than 10,000 years ago in search of gold. Their cities stretched from a great sea under the rising sun to a great sea into which the sun descends at night to cool his flaming brow. They were very rich and very powerful, but they lived only a few months of the year in their magnificent palaces here; the rest of the time they spent in their native land, far, far to the north.

"Many ships went back and forth between this new world and the old. During the rainy season there were but few of the inhabitants remained here, only those who superintended the working of the mines by the black slaves, and the merchants who had to supply their wants, and the soldiers who guarded the cities and the mines.

"It was at one of these times that the great calamity occurred. When the time came for the teeming thousands to return none came. For weeks the people waited. Then they sent out a great galley to learn why no one came from the mother country, but though they sailed about for many months, they were unable to find any trace of the mighty land that had for countless ages borne their ancient civilization—it had sunk into the sea.

"From that day dated the downfall of my people. Disheartened and unhappy, they soon became a prey to the black hordes of the north and the black hordes of the south. One by one the cities were deserted or overcome. The last remnant was finally forced to take shelter within this mighty mountain fortress. Slowly we have dwindled in power, in civilization, in intellect, in numbers, until now we are no more than a small tribe of savage apes.

"In fact, the apes live with us, and have for many ages. We call them the first men—we speak their language quite as much as we do our own; only in the rituals of the temple do we make any attempt to retain our mother tongue. In time it will be forgotten, and we will speak only the language of the apes; in time we will no longer banish those of our people who mate with apes, and so in time we shall descend to the very beasts from which ages ago our progenitors may have sprung."

"But why are you more human than the others?" asked the man.

"For some reason the women have not reverted to savagery so rapidly as the men. It may be because only the lower types of men remained here at the time of the great catastrophe, while the temples were filled with the noblest daughters of the race. My strain has remained clearer than the rest because for countless ages my foremothers were high priestesses—the sacred office descends from mother to daughter. Our husbands are chosen for us from the noblest in the land. The most perfect man, mentally and physically, is selected to be the husband of the high priestess."

"From what I saw of the gentlemen above," said Tarzan, with a grin, "there should be little trouble in choosing from among them."

The girl looked at him quizzically for a moment.

"Do not be sacrilegious," she said. "They are very holy men—they are priests."

"Then there are others who are better to look upon?" he asked.

"The others are all more ugly than the priests," she replied.

Tarzan shuddered at her fate, for even in the dim light of the vault he was impressed by her beauty.

"But how about myself?" he asked suddenly. "Are you going to lead me to liberty?"

"You have been chosen by The Flaming God as his own," she answered solemnly. "Not even I have the power to save you—should they find you again. But I do not intend that they shall find you. You risked your life to save mine. I may do no less for you. It will be no easy matter—it may require days; but in the end I think that I can lead you beyond the walls. Come, they will look here for me presently, and if they find us together we shall both be lost—they would kill me did they think that I had proved false to my god."

"You must not take the risk, then," he said quickly. "I will return to the temple, and if I can fight my way to freedom there will be no suspicion thrown upon you."

But she would not have it so, and finally presuaded him to follow her, saying that they had already remained in the vault too long to prevent suspicion from falling upon her even if they returned to the temple.

"I will hide you, and then return alone," she said, "telling them that I was long unconscious after you killed Tha, and that I do not know whither you escaped."

And so she led him through winding corridors of gloom, until finally they came to a small chamber into which a little light filtered through a stone grating in the ceiling.

"This is the Chamber of the Dead," she said. "None will think of searching here for you—they would not dare. I will return after it is dark. By that time I may have found a plan to effect your escape."

She was gone, and Tarzan of the Apes was left alone in the Chamber of the Dead, beneath the long-dead city of Opar.

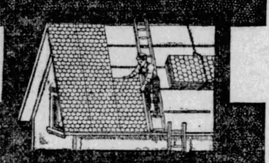
To Be Continued.

TERRIBLE HEAT OF MUSCAT

The sultan of Muscat rules what is probably the hottest country on earth. A fifteenth century traveler wrote of Muscat: "The heat was so intense that it burned the marrow in the bones, the sword in its scabbard melted like wax, and the gems that adorned the handle of my dagger were reduced to coal." Possibly a little exaggerated. Still, the thermometer has registered 189 degrees in the sun at Muscat and 107 degrees even at night—so the visitors are grateful for those grapes that Muscat christens by the sweat of its brow.

Hong Kong is an island of thirty square miles.

EDWARDS



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Let the light of jimmypipejoy break into your soul. You'll wonder why you didn't wake up earlier and hear the robins sing in the old cherry tree.

Here is Casimiro Irado, 104 years old, who lives in Watsonville, Cal. Irado has been a smoker all his life, and today seeks no truer friend than his old jimmy pipe. Irado has just been elected a member of the P. A. old-time jimmy-pipers club."

Prince Albert is sold everywhere in toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; pound and half-pound tin humidors and in that fine crystal-glass pound humidor.

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THE FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

The following questions are submitted to our readers for answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers:

I, with a number of other readers, would like to know, through the Farmstead, how to prevent the flies from bothering the horses while they are working. A recipe was printed some time ago giving an application that could be put on a horse and would last an entire day and keep the flies away. Does any reader know of this application?—N. R. C., Lake, Mich.

Curing Meat.

P. J. S., Ukiah, Cal., sends the following recipe for curing meat for the benefit of the Farmstead reader who asked for it recently. Mix four pounds of salt and four pounds of brown sugar thoroughly and rub over each peace of meat to be cured. Let the meat lie for a week and then rub the mixture over it again, using one-half of it each time. This recipe is sufficient to cure 100 pounds of meat.

To Kill Cattle Lice.

In answer to W. of Westfield, Pa., who wanted to know of something that will kill lice on cattle, R. M. H. of Newago, Mich., recommends the following: Take one ounce of the fluid extract of stavesacre seed (delphinium staphisagria, Lin.) to one quart of water, and apply thoroughly to the cattle with a hand sprayer. In a week or ten days make a second application to destroy the second crop of lice. This is effective, and after two such applications the farmer will have no further trouble with lice.

Make Shingles Last.

The life of shingles may be doubled at a cost of not to exceed one-third their cost by properly applying a good preservative. Paint is of little benefit to a shingle, since the wood is rough and not susceptible to a polish. When paint is applied after the roof is laid it covers only that part of the shingle directly exposed, and helps to hold moisture in the part that is left unpainted.

A stain containing chemicals having preservative properties is much to be preferred, but even stain applied to a roof is of only about one-fourth as beneficial as if applied to the shingles before laying. Stains sold by dealers are as good as can be made, though one may use creosote and save some on the expense. Sulphate of zinc and naphthaline are also excellent wood preservatives.

Pour the stain or preservative into a vessel deep enough to contain two-thirds the length of the shingle. Loosen the band on a bunch of shingles so that the solution will penetrate between the shingles, and put one end of the bundle in the preservative so that as much as nine inches is covered. After it has remained for a few minutes, remove and reverse ends so that the stain covers both sides of every shingle as far up as the second course.

After shingles have been treated they should be spread out to dry. It would possibly be more effective to tear the bunches apart before dipping them, and would require but little more time. The prepared stain and preservative combined, which can be secured in several colors, adds to the appearance as well as lengthens the life of a roof.

THE DAIRY

To Preserve Butter.

Butter cannot be preserved by any covering, declares one writer. Its inherent quality alone can do this. If it is solidly packed in an air-proof receptacle, necessarily only the top of it can be affected by contact with the air. But there is always some impurity in butter after it is made, in spite of the most skilful treatment.

By skillful management this can be reduced to a minimum, but there will still be some of the buttermilk left. The best-made butter exists in the form of small globules after churning. It is impossible to wash these in pure cold water so thoroughly that all traces of buttermilk will be got rid of completely, for each of these globules is made up of smaller particles adhering to each other. These have the form of still smaller globules, so there are some minute particles of buttermilk unavoidably left in the butter which cannot be removed unless it is actually melted into oil and then solidified again. This process is not admissible.

Under the best conditions the best made butter may be kept six months in a dry, cool cellar, well ventilated, when it is packed in a perfectly pure, air-tight receptable, and this without the addition to it of more than the due proportion of pure salt. The product may improve in flavor to some tastes during this time of storage. Some antiseptic entirely devoid of flavor, such as saltpeter, may assist in keeping butter, but there is no necessity for its use. If, however, the maker has not the experience which gives confidence, one-quarter ounce of it to the pound of butter will help keep it. This and the salt together should be reduced to a fine powder and immediately mixed with the butter. One ounce of salt to the pound of butter will be about right.

Of course, the receptacle in which the butter is kept must be perfectly free from taint. It is the common practice in fine dairies where the surplus is packed in this way, to use white-oak pails of 50 pounds' capacity, made in the best manner, and varnished with copal disssolved in alcohol, inside and out. The butter is packed solidly, and, if not all at once, what is packed is covered with brine made with boiling water, and strained, then cooled, and as each layer is packed it is sprinkled with salt or this mixture. When the pail is filled to within a quarter of an inch of the edge, this space is covered with a piece of muslin, well washed in boiling water, and then dipped in cold brine, and spread over the butter, which has been lightly sprinkled with salt or the saltpeter mixed very fine. The cloth extends a full inch over the edge of the pail, which is then filled up with the finest dairy salt (now this, of course, is used all through the work), and the edges of the cloth are turned down over this salt. The salt is pressed firmly down over the edge of the pail, the cover is put on, and this is pressed down as tightly as possible by a lever until it meets the edge of the pail. Then the clips by which it is held down are fastened.

Some buttermakers are so particular as to use a gasket of thin cork or canton flannel doubled and soaked in brine, around the edge of the pail to secure the butter still further from contact with the air. The pail so packed is kept in a cool, well-aired place, free from odors. A place especially provided for it is best, and a label should be attached with the number and date of the package. One may then guarantee the condition of the butter to be equal to fresh made at the end of six months, and to all but those consumers who prefer flavorless and odorless butter, the well-ripened, aromatic article will be perfectly satisfactory.

LIVE STOCK

The Brood Mare.

Don't forget that brood mare of yours these days, Mr. Farmer. Now is the time she needs just a little extra attention. Not only is she doing a share of the farm work, but she is growing a fetus or suckling a colt also, and this draws heavily on her system. Additional feed should be given the brood mare in order that she may get along all right. Enough nutrients for the mare while working can be supplied by a little over a pound of grain and a pound of good hay per hundred pounds of live weight. But besides this she needs a little extra grain to supply nutrients for the fetus or colt.

Clover hay is the best of the different rough feeds, unless it is dusty. Though timothy hay is good, it does not contain as much protein. In order to suply this deficiency, then, the farmer must use higher priced concentrates.

One Ohio farmer says the kinds of feeds used depend upon price and the kinds available. Rations suitable for brood mares weighing about 1,500 pounds, when at work, are as follows:

(1) Corn, 12 lbs.; bran, 6 lbs.; clover hay, 15 lbs.

(2) Corn, 7 lbs.; oats, 11 lbs.; mixed hay, 15 lbs.

(3) Corn, 12 lbs.; oats, 5 lbs.; oil meal, 1 lb.; timothy hay, 15 lbs.

These rations should be increased or decreased if the mare is heavier or lighter, or when the work varies. Decrease the daily feed a third or even half when the mare is idle for a day or two. If the feed is not decreased, the mare's digestive system becomes deranged and permanent injury may result.

Losing Little Pigs.

Have you lost your little pigs? Most such losses come from the stuffing and fattening of the mother sow, especially where corn is the ration.

It may be too late to change from the rule this year, but next year's crop of pigs may be assured by making arrangements now for their dams to be in keen appetite by not being stuffed—in thrifty condition, but not fat, through a varied ration with plenty of exercise taken in passing from their sleeping quarters to a feeding place some little distance away.

The Nebraska experiment station has had fine success with a feed composed of seven parts of corn or ground barley and one of oil meal. Tankage will do in place of the oil meal, but it goes farther and should be used in the ration of one to nine of corn or ground barley. Alfalfa hay is always good for brood sows.

Summer Itch.

Have you ever been troubled with your horse itching and commencing to rub and gnaw the skin on his side and hip as soon as warm weather begins? In such cases the skin usually becomes raw and sore, and many ointments and medicines fail to bring any relief.

A horse that shows these symptoms is suffering from summer itch, a form of eczema. It is a good plan to have the animal clipped first and then wash the affected parts with a one-hundredth solution of coal-tar dip, and rub in sulphur while the skin is wet. Repeat the operation as often as necessary. If any sore is obstinate, paint it with tincture of iodine twice a week, and twice daily apply benzoated oxide of zinc ointment. Let her occupy a box stall when in the stable, but make her work or take abundant exercise every day. Do not feed grass or corn. Grass tends to bring on this itch, and corn is best for feeding in cold weather.

In feed, night and morning until the itchiness subsides, mix half an ounce of granular hyposulphite of soda, and if that does not suffice, give her half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning until one quart has been used. Then gradually discontinue the medicine, taking a week or more to the work.

Darken the stable and screen it against flies, for flies help to produce and continue the trouble. If flies bother the sores, dust them with iodoform twice daily, in addition to the other treatment.

POULTRY

Don't Overfeed Chicks.

Strange as it may seem, early feeding and overfeeding probably kill more chicks than any one disease except white diarrhea. Chicks should not be fed until 48 to 60 hours old. The yolk of the egg is the chick's natural food supply for several days after leaving the shell. Feeding too early and overfeeding tend to retard the digestion of this yolk, and if not digested within a reasonable time, it is certain to cause trouble. Then again, the white diarrhea germs are harbored in the yolk and naturally the longer the yolk is retained, the more chance of their gaining a foothold. To guard against white diarrhea, preventives should be given in the drinking water from the time chicks are out of the shell.

Poisoning Hawks.

The belief is popular in the south that nux vomica can be fed to young chicks or to fowls in sufficient quantities without injuring them so that it will poison hawks which catch them. Few facts, however, have been brought forth to prove it. A saner method is recommended by a New York poultry keeper, who says he has tried it successfully.

Mix one and two grains powdered sulphate of strychnine in a drop of honey and rub it on the down on the back of the neck of a day-old chick. Fix up the others in the brood in the same way. Put the hen in a coop with the chicks away from the house or other fowls, where hawks or crows will be likely to attack them. As the chicks disappear, the trouble will cease.

If any are left after two or three weeks, the poison should be carefully removed before they are placed with the rest of the flock. This plan is certainly worth trying by those who are seriously bothered with crows and hawks.

Preventing Dust.

Crude oil used on the floor of the chicken house has proved very satisfactory in a number of cases. One man who has used it for four years is exceptionally well satisfied with the results.

He claims it keeps down the dust, acts as a disinfectant and deterrent of mites and probably lice and does not evaporate quickly, making it necessary to use but twice a year. According to him it prevents scaly leg and keeps the legs a bright yellow.

This writer applies the oil to the dirt floor before putting straw on it but does not apply too much at a time. He follows one thin application with another in a few days and that is enough for months. After the dirt floor has been treated with the crude oil he places straw litter in the house. The oil doesn't prevent dust entirely, but it keeps a good deal of it down.

If you applied the oil more freely every particle of dust would be kept down, but this man who recommends the treatment doesn't think it advisable to soak the dirt with it, as a little goes a long way. If the crude oil does not spray readily dilute with a little kerosene.

THE ORCHARD

Watch for Borer.

During the summer the foliage of many peach trees take on a yellow hue and often the trees die. This condition, says R. B. Cruickshank of the Ohio College of Agriculture, is often mistaken for peach yellow. The trouble is, however, in most cases, caused by the peach borer which enters the trunk of the tree near the ground and may girdle young trees.

If the tree is killed, of course, nothing can be done for it, but often the borers may be removed and the tree saved. After the borer has entered the tree, digging it out is the only practical way of getting rid of it.

Look at the base of the trunk for gum and especially for gum in which is sawdust that the borer has pushed out as it gradually extended is burrow. A sharp knife or a chisel may be used to follow the burrow until the borer is reached and killed.

The work may be done any time, but most growers begin looking for borers in October and continue at the convenience of the orchardist until the work is finished.

Spraying Makes Profits.

From a value of $18.05 an acre for unsprayed apple trees to $187 an acre for carefully sprayed fruit is the range of fruit tree values determined by the Missouri college. In one orchard the net profit from spraying was found to be $161 an acre.

The average cost was 6.6 cent a tree for the first spraying, 13 cents for the second, 9½ cents for the third, and 8 cents for the fourth, a total of 37 cents a tree or $22.26 an acre. These figures were obtained by co-operative work carried on in 14 counties.

Apple Scab.

Professor W. Paddock of the Horticultural Department of the College of Agriculture recently said, on a talk on the cause of failure in apple crops, that when all is said and done it will probably be found that apple scab is one of the principal agents causing the failure of trees to set fruit. The fungus which causes apple scab starts into growth in the spring of the year with the tree and by the time the tree blossoms the spores are abundant. These spores are carried in the air to the tender blossoms which they attack and may destroy in quantities. The little fruit may set, but the attack of fungus saps their vitality and soon most of them fall. Scab, he said, can be controlled if orchardists will only practice thorough spraying and that now is the time to spray.

THE GARDEN

Fighting Nut Grass.

The only absolutely sure and quick method of destroying nut grass is to go in the garden at least three times a week for a whole year and pull up the grass as fast as it appears. If this is kept up for one year and not a sprig allowed to remain above the ground for more than one day, the roots will be killed. This is an expensive and laborious method, but it is absolutely sure. Of course, this would be practicable only on a very small area.

Another method that is fairly successful on larger areas is to shade the grass to death. Keep some rank growth on it all the time for a year or two, and the result will be satisfactory.

One of the best methods to do this is to sow cowpeas early in the spring, sow them thick, first making the land rich, if it isn't already, so as to get a rank growth. As soon as they are cut off, sow again in cowpeas or some other rank crop. If this is kept up for two or three years, the grass can be controlled.

Spading up the garden and carefully removing the roots that are found only adds "fuel to the fire." It only serves as a good working for the grass, because it is impossible to get rid of all of it, and that puts the soil in the finest kind of condition for what is left to make rapid growth.

Potatoes Threatened.

The outlook for the potato crop this year is not as promising as it might be owing to the powdery scab. This scab has gained a foothold in Maine and New York and is spreading rapidly. There is a risk in planting seed that has been shipped from the infected districts whether the seed bears a government certificate or not.

It is impossible to give certificates from the infected districts which can be relied on, according to federal authorities and they have stopped giving them. The certificates will still be given on seed grown outside the infected districts.

As much seed will be planted over the country that has received the federal certificate it begins to look as if the disease might spread over the entire country. Many have thought the certificate meant something, but evidently it has not. The disease might not affect the potatoes in the south except in the mountains and colder climates, as the southern climate is too warm and the scab seems to be a cool-climate disease, though not much is known about what it will do.

WAR SLAUGHTERS HORSES

Has Destroyed Million Animals by Sickness and Death.

New York Press.

"There is many a warhorse that is more entitled to immortality than the man who rides him."—Gen. Robert E. Lee.

So far as it can be estimated from official sources, seven months of the world's war has used up 1,000,000 horses through death, wounds, sickness and in some instances the killing of horses that they may not fall into the hands of the enemy.

The war horse has taken a tremendous part in this great war, although the noble animal has been superseded in a large measure by the automobile.

Washington, Wellington, Napoleon, Grant, Lee, Sherman, Sheridan, to name the famous generals of a century went to war on the war horse; the modern general of today goes in a taxicab.

All the romance, all that goes to make the picturesque, seemingly is lacking in these days, when an army fights with an enemy unseen.

In a large measure the four legged steed has been supplanted by the throbbing motor. If you want to see picturesque cavalry charges, go to the museums when the war is over and look at the masterpieces of the other days. Grant and Lee saw each other but once in the famous campaign that ended at Appomattox, and then at great distance.

HERE'S STRANGE CREATURE THAT MAKES GOOD SOUP

One of the strangest creatures known to science is the pholas, or boring clam. When still very minute the animal bores into the standstone ledges at extreme low water, by means of its sharp shell, which is replaced by secretions as it is worn away. It penetrates the rock to a depth of six or eight inches, and hollows out its burrow as it increases in size.

Shaped roughly like a top, it could not leave its rock dwelling even if it wished to do so. For food it depends on the animalcules that float in sea water, which it seizes by its long siphon, or tongue. The pholas is in great demand at the seaside resorts along the Pacific coast, for its meat is very tender and makes excellent soup.

Colts Acquire Bad Habits Quickly.

The secret of breaking a colt properly is to keep him from learning bad habits, not curing him of them after they have been acquired, although the latter must be done if he has acquired them, providing you want a well-broken horse.

A bad trick once learned soon becomes a set habit, becoming harder to cure each day if not stopped in the earliest stages.

Let me cite an example: A neighbor of mine has a very fine colt that he put in the hands of a trainer to break to light harness, double and single, and also the saddle.

The trainer knew his business and in a month's time the colt was fairly steady in harness and under the saddel belt, bing of a nervous disposition and rather suspicious of human beings, had to be handled very carefully.

He was especially nervous when anyone approached his head, whether he was tied in his stall or to a hitching post, and inclined to run back against the halter or bridle if approached too hurridly.

The trainer—a real horseman—who noticed all peculiarities of the many different horses he handled from time to time, was extremely careful not to excite this particular colt and certainly not when he was tied.

Consequently, the colt, although showing signs of nervousness at times, never attempted to really pull back and break away.

The trainer left, after his work was done, and soon afterward a city cousin, a good fellow but no horseman, paid my neighbor a visit and he was given the colt to ride.

Now, although the city man was no horseman in the strict acceptance of the word, yet he was devoted to horseback riding and in his riding togs cut quite a respectable figure.

He called on the writer one afternoon, tying his mount, the above-mentioned colt, to a tree.

Later, as he was about to leave, he

A Well-Bred and Well-Trained Colt

walked straight to the colt's head, the later edged away, backing the length of the reins, the rider then extended a gloved hand straight in the colt's face with the idea of patting him on the nose, but the now trembling young animal mistook the abrupt motion and, swinging back broke the bridle at the headstall and galloped off.

The city man was somewhat surprised when I suggested that he should have quietly untied the colt and then patted him, holding onto the reins the while.

He enticed the colt into my stable, fixed the bridle, and my friend mounted and rode off.

Since then this horse has broken several times and it will require something stronger than an ordinary halter and bridle to prove to him that he must "stand hitched," as the saying is.

A heavy rope halter tied around the neck and then passed through a ring of the bit so as to draw equally on the neck and head will probably stop the bad habit.

Farm Briefs

Paint the neck and pole with kerosene if the horse persists in chewing them. It will stop the habit in the majority of cases.

You don't always have to plow ground to grow oats successfully. In case the field is reasonably clean the thorough disking of the ground before using the disk drill will be found satisfactory.

The same treatment in the seed bed and after transplanting in the frame or greenhouse practically is required for peppers as tomatoes. Higher temperatures are necessary to get the best results. Peppers thrive in any kind of loose, fertile soil and the tendency to become spindly is not so marked as in the case of tomatoes.

A good deal of moisture is required for peas. The pods will be larger and finer if the peas root deep. Make a trench for garden peas five inches deep, sow the seed in the bottom, cover two inches and gradually fill in around the plants as they grow.

The garden can be helped along by frequent shallow cultivation. While the plants are small use the rake. Even run it lightly along the same way as the rows run before the plants are up. Later the wheel hoe is the best tool.

You can gain a week or two on beans by starting a few in pots and transplanting to the garden. Plant two or three beans in each four-inch pot two or three weeks before you can safely set them out in the open.

Each year cut back Rosa Rugosa bushes to within 18 inches or two feet of the ground. This keeps the plant smaller and prevents it from becoming rough or unsightly.

In order to train a colt or any animal you have to gain its entire confidence and affection. This applies in any case whether the animal is tame or wild. The road to gain its affection is by taste. To make friends with it use kind words and petting or give it an apple or a bit of tasty grass.

An ax is usually placed in a fire to the wood is burned out when the handle is broken and the stub cannot be removed in any other way. Often this ruins the ax as the temper of the blade is lost. To prevent this drive the axe in the ground up to the broken handle and build a fire over it. The wood will burn out and the edge will not lose its temper.

To prevent a padlock from rusting take a piece of leather five inches long and four inches wide. Tack it one inch from the top of the lock. This flap is formed which thoroughly protects the lock from rain and snow.

In Italy they make a valuable cattle feed from tomato seeds. Cattle and hogs owned by people living near the tomato canneries have been eating the seeds and getting fat.

With the approach of foaling time the grain ration of the mare should be decreased. Use feeds such as bran and roots, as they are valuable. A roomy box stall or an open grassy lot is almost imperative. After foaling the mare should not be worked for from 10 to 15 days and then but lightly.

A good ointment to kill head lice is made of equal parts lanoline, mercurial ointment and lard. Grease the heads of the chicks lightly when they are 24 hours old.

MAN'S HEART IS PIERCED BY NEEDLE OF SURGEON

Dr. Charles Goodman placed three stitches in the heart of Israel Ziff, a peddler, in Beth Israel hospital, in New York city, thus saving his life. In order to perform the operation the man's chest had to be opened and special apparatus had to be used to prevent the lungs from collapsing.

FIND OUT

The Kind of Food that will Keep You Well.

The true way is to find out what is best to eat and drink, and then cultivate a taste for those things instead of poisoning ourselves with improper, indigestible food, etc.

A conservative Mass. woman writes:

"I have used Grape-Nuts 5 years for the young and for the aged; in sickness and in health, at first following directions carefully, later in a variety of ways as my taste and judgment suggested.

"But its most special, personal benefit has been as a substitute for meat, and served dry with cream when rheumatic troubles made it important for me to change diet.

"Served in this way with the addition of a cup of hot Postum and a little fruit it has been used at my morning meal for six months, during which time my health has much improved, nerves have grown steadier, and a gradual decrease in my excessive weight adds greatly to my comfort."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Canada is Calling You to her Rich Wheat Lands

She extends to Americans a hearty invitation to settle on her **FREE Homestead lands of 160 acres each** or secure some of the low priced lands in **Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.**

This year wheat is higher but Canadian land just as cheap, so the opportunity is more attractive than ever. Canada wants you to help to **feed the world** by tilling some of her soil—**land similar to that** which during many years has **averaged 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre.** Think **what you can make** with wheat around $1 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain growing.

The Government this year is asking farmers to put increased acreage into grain. Military service is not compulsory in Canada but there is a great demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for service. The climate is healthful and agreeable, railway facilities excellent, good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or

W. S. NETHERY,
Interurban Bldg. Columbus, Ohio
Canadian Government Agent.

KAISER'S ENVOY VOICES REGRETS

Von Bernstorff Expresses Remorse Events of War Led to American Deaths.

Washington, May 10.—Count Johanne Von Bernstorff, German ambassador to the United States, called at the state department and expressed deep regret over the loss of American lives in the Lusitania disaster.

The official representative of the nation whose submarine attacked and sank the Lusitania, conferred with Secretary of State Bryan for 15 minutes.

Voices His Regrets.

At the conclusion of the conference, the state department issued this statement:

"The German ambassador called at the state department and expressed his deep regrets that the events of the war had led to the loss of so many American lives."

While neither the ambassador nor Secretary Bryan's statement mentioned the Lusitania disaster by name, it was known that the two officials talked of it specifically. It was the ambassador's first visit to the department since the disaster. The secretary received him immediately and greeted him cordially.

When Ambassador Bernstorff came from Secretary Bryan's office he parried all questions by saying he could not talk, being under a promise to Secretary Bryan that anything should be said by the secretary. His only real response was that he had made no appointment with President Wilson.

Both Secretary Bryan and Count Bernstorff steadfastly refused to comment upon or interpret the state department's announcement, but it was interpreted as meaning that the ambassador for his government, had expressed deep regret not only for the loss of life on the Lusitania, but for the Americans lost in the torpedoing of the American steamer Gulflight and for the one American lost on the Falaba.

It was considered significant at the department that the regrets expressed by Ambassador Bernstorff were personal and that the words "so many" were used in connection with the words American lives."

No other word on the subject of the ambassador's call could be gotten from any official of the department. The ambassador himself stated that he had agreed with Secretary Bryan and Counsellor Lansing that Mr. Bryan should be the one to make any statement after their conference.

Secretary Bryan announced today that no word had been received from Ambassador Gerard at Berlin in response to the request of the department that he secure from the German government all possible information on the sinking of the Lusitania.

The report that Count Bernstorff had handed to Secretary Bryan a message direct from the German foreign office, dealing with the Lusitania matter, was denied at the state department. The ambassador presented no formal message of any kind today.

HOW SHE ENDED TEN YEARS OF SKIN-TORTURE

Oct. 8, 1914—"I had eczema on my face for ten years. Little red pimples formed in a small spot on my chin and then spread all over my face. They ached and burned me awfully. It was certainly embarrassing to me, and I could not go amongst people. I tried almost every remedy and treatment that could be used for this trouble, but nothing did me any good. I used Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap, and was relieved in a day or two. In one month I was cured. This was six months ago and the trouble has never returned."—(Signed) Mrs. C. C. Roberts, Weatherford, Okla. All druggists sell Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap.

TRY TO ASSASSINATE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO

Troops of Gen. Barena Make Attempt on Garza.

Washington, May 10.—An attempt to assassinate Roque Gonzales Garza, the convention provisional president of Mexico, was made early Sunday by troops led by Gen. Barona, former military commander of Mexico City, according to dispatches reaching here from the Mexican capital. Barona's troops were repulsed after severe fighting, with losses on both sides.

BURNING PIMPLES ON ARMS AND LEGS

Would Itch, Scratched and Irritated Them, Clothing Aggravated. Could Not Sleep. Used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. In Four Months Was Well.

1324 N. Oakley Ave., Chicago, Ill.—"Little pimples began to break out on my arms and legs. The skin was red and water would run from the pimples. They would itch and burn and that made me scratch and irritate them. My clothing aggravated the breaking out. I could not sleep.

"I used a great many remedies but they failed to help me. I had the eczema for five months and then I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I washed my arms and legs with the Soap, then I applied the Ointment. They stopped the itching and burning and gave me good nights' rest. In four months I was well." (Signed) Benjamin Schedel, Oct. 15, 1914.

Although the Cuticura Soap and Ointment are most successful in the treatment of affections of the skin, scalp, hair and hands, they are also most valuable for everyday use in the toilet, bath and nursery because they promote and maintain the health of the skin and hair from infancy to age.

Sample Each Free by Mail

With 32-p. Skin Book on request. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston." Sold throughout the world.

BLADE PATTERNS LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

7230—Boys' Middy Dress.

For very little boys this suit may be made of gingham, pongee silk, linen or duck. The blouse almost conceals the trousers and is slipped on over the head. At the neck is a small, flat collar. The trousers have the open edge at the knee and open at each side, without a fly. The pattern is cut in sizes 2 and 4 years.

7199—Ladies' Skirt.

This design shows a six gore model, which will out well from narrow materials. Front and back gores form panels and the sides are plain. Raised or regulation waist line may be used. This skirt is especially good for stout women and can be had in all the extreme sizes. The pattern is cut in sizes 22 to 36 inches.

7203—Ladies' Waist.

This design shows the new tie-on model. It has an open neck with flare collar and small revers. The ends of the front are extended in sash effect and tie in a bow in the back. The plain sleeves may be long or short. The pattern is cut in sizes 34 to 44 inches bust measure.

7215—Ladies' Dress.

For such materials as linen, pongee silk, voile, seersucker and nice gingham, this is a perfect design. The blouse is altogether plain, with small roll collar and long or short sleeves. The flare gore skirt is neatly and has a separate belt above the hem. This may be omitted. The pattern is cut in sizes 34 to 44 inches bust measure.

7207—Ladies' and Misses' Night Gown.

This gown can be cut without seaming from material 40 or more inches wide, but with narrower fabrics it will require piecing. Sleeves and body are in one and a beading marks the high waistline. The cap is also in one piece and may be of the same or of different material.

The pattern is cut in sizes 30 to 44 inches bust measure.

7223—Ladies' Dressing Sacque.

The style of this garment is in the manner in which the flare edge is held in by small plaits with only a button to fasten them in place. At the open neck is a wide collar and the short sleeves are in one with the body. All crepe materials, lawn, organdie, voile, gingham, etc., are suitable for this model.

The pattern is cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure.

7225—Child's Rompers.

A very convenient model, which has buttons along the inseam. Each half is cut in one piece, sleeve and leg in one with the body. The closing is down the center of the back. Gingham is the best of all materials for these garments, but linen and duck may also be used.

The pattern is cut in sizes 1, 2 and 3 years.

7209—Ladies' Apron.

This novelty has raglan sleeves cut in one piece with the back of the apron. The front is separate. The skirt has a narrow front gore and wider back gores. The entire garment fastens in the center of the back. These are substantial pockets.

The pattern is cut in sizes 34 to 44 inches bust measure.

FASHION MAGAZINE FREE

We issue every month, in connection with our Fashion Department, a Fashion Magazine, illustrating the latest Paris, London and New York designs, and containing much valuable information about clothes for ladies, misses and children, dressmaking lessons, millinery, hairdressing, etc., etc. If ordered at the same time a pattern is ordered, we will send the latest monthly issue of The Fashion World for only 2 cents to cover handling and postage. Price, without pattern, 5 cents.

There are nearly 800 known varieties of roses and more than 400 chrysanthemums.

U. S. WAR CHARITY BOOMS BUSINESS

Eighty Million Spent for Food, Etc., Shipped to Many Sufferers Abroad.

Washington, May 6.—Almost $10,000,000 a month has been contributed by the United States to the war sufferers of Europe since the first of last August.

The amount that ordinarily would have been spent in Europe by American tourists in the same period of time has been sent there by philanthropists of this country who have been interested in ameliorating the condition of noncombatants who have suffered from the rigors of war.

American Business Gains.

There is this difference to be noted, however. The expenditure of tourists would have represented a balance due to Europe which would have to be met either by the transfer of gold or of merchandise of an equal value, where the money of the philanthropists, for the most part, has been spent for food, clothing, medical supplies and luxuries produced by American manufacturers, and the articles themselves have been transported to Europe for distribution.

The relief work of the United States, from the beginning of the war to the present time, measured in dollars and cents, is divided approximately as follows:

Belgian relief	$50,000,000
French relief	8,000,000
German and Austrian relief	7,000,000
Red Cross	1,450,000
Serbian relief	500,000
Individual contributions, not handled by any organization, estimated	7,500,000
Total	$74,450,000

Rockefeller Money Big Help.

The largest individual contributor to the relief funds which have been sent abroad by the United States is the Rockefeller foundation, and while no official statement of its expenditures on behalf of European sufferers has been issued, officials who are in close touch with the work declare that $10,000,000 is a conservative estimate of the relief work expenditures to date.

At the headquarters of the Belgian relief committee it is said that since the beginning of its operations clothing has been distributed to 4,000,000 Belgians in Belgium and to nearly 1,000,000 Belgian refugees in Holland and France.

HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS?

The British war office gives to its prisoners of war the following daily rations: One and a half pounds of bread; meat, eight ounces; fresh vegetables, eight ounces; butter, one ounce; condensed milk, one-twentieth of a pound; tea, one-half ounce, or coffee, one ounce; sugar, two ounces; salt, one-half ounce.

Young Society Matron Lays Down Rules.

In discussing the approaching social season, a young matron says that the success of every event, whether in home, church or club, depends upon the foresight of the women months before.

The brilliancy, charm and success of a party is dependent upon the physical condition of the hostess. She cannot be entertaining, witty or clever, if she is loaded down with all the complaints a woman is heir to; and very few are free from the functional troubles which bring with them dizziness, backache, sick headache, sleeplessness and intense nervousness.

Thousands upon thousands of mothers, wives and daughters in every section of this great country, who have regained health, vigor and cheerful disposition after months of misery and even despair, are the ones who truly appreciate the marvelous restorative power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Every woman who has reason to believe that backache, headache, unnatural pains, low spirits, sleepless nights, irregularities or a catarrhal condition is caused by a derangement of the womanly functions, owes it to herself and dear ones to speedily overcome the trouble before a general breakdown causes permanent prostration.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a remedy that any ailing woman can safely take, because it is prepared with pure glycerine from roots and herbs, containing tonic properties of the most pronounced character and without alcohol.

Get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription today, either in liquid or tablet form, at any dealer in medicines, if you want to better your physical condition surely and speedily. Every ingredient in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is printed along with the directions.

Every ailing woman should write today for confidential advice to a specialist who has had years of experience in treating diseases peculiar to women. His advice is given without charge, and writing places you under no obligation whatever. Simply address Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and write: "Dear Doctor: Please send me, without charge, further information, 136-page book on 'Woman and Her Diseases,' sent free." —Advertisement.

PLANS CHANGES IN RESERVE ACT

President Proposes to Have Individuals Deal Directly With Banks.

Washington, May 6.—Although President Wilson has stated that the controversy between the Riggs National Bank of Washington and Controller of the Currency John Skelton Williams is not an administration issue, it was learned on the highest authority today that the administration has seized on the Riggs incident to threaten drastic amendments to the federal reserve act.

These amendments would make it a criminal offense for directors, officers, or employes of a bank to be party to dummy loans; would make it a criminal offense for officers or employes of a bank to use bank funds for speculative purposes; would give the general public a right to deal directly with the various district reserve banks; and would make it illegal for banks to insist on making loans through third parties in order to exact an extra commission or fee from the borrower.

These proposals have been put forth following the statements emanating from the present meeting of directors of the American Bankers' association in favor of removing the secretary of the treasury and the controller of the currency from the federal reserve board.

Want Loans Made Easier.

Although Senator Hitchcock fought vigorously during the consideration of the federal reserve act to create an open market for loans in the United States, administration officials today were about ready to admit that there is no such market and that the law should be amended.

The shortest cut toward the creation of better channels between industries and loans is believed to be through the amendment of the federal reserve act permitting business concerns and individuals to deal directly with the district reserve banks or their branches when unable to obtain money through the ordinary methods. This would create a situation where the district reserve banks would be competing with the member banks in the various districts.

Such a situation, the administration now believes, would do much, however, toward forcing banks to accept more loans and also to lower the rates of interest on business loans.

Banks Arbiters on Loans.

At the present time banks are not compelled to loan money to anyone if they do not wish to do so, however attractive the loan may be. Investigation of the Riggs bank, as well as other banks, has shown that there has grown up throughout the country a practice of forcing many borrowers to do their business through brokers or other agencies whose only reason for existence is that they are able to get commissions for making the loans, which could be eliminated if the banks would do business directly. In such transactions the banks do not gain anything, but frequently the officials of the banks are gainers.

While giving attention to these charges, the administration is also investigating the activities of officers and directors of banks along speculation lines. Charges have been made that officers of banks have been borrowing from their institutions in order to make investments. If the investments proved profitable they pocketed the profits. If unprofitable the banks have been made to stand the losses.

Prevent Officers Borrowing.

In a further step in its course towards the bankers who are opposing it, the administration is now considering the proposition of urging legislation to prevent officers and directors of a bank from borrowing any of its funds for any purpose whatsoever.

Bankers throughout the country, notwithstanding their denials, appear to be lining up to make an effort to take from the secretary of the treasury his control over government deposits. Secretary McAdoo is determined to defeat them in this effort.

May Postpone Riggs Hearing.

According to reports today, the administration will seek a further delay in the Riggs suit when it comes up May 12, because of the probable withdrawal of Louis D. Brandeis from the case.

Brandeis is to be retained by the department of justice to represent the government in the fight with the United Shoe Machinery company. This retainer will permit him to withdraw from the Riggs case in favor of Samuel Untermyer, who was attorney for the congressional committee which made the investigation in the alleged "money trust."

POPE SEES ITALY JOINING IN WAR

Rome, May 10.—Pope Benedict XV., has abandoned all hope that war between Italy and Austria can be averted. The vatican today transmitted to all the clergy of Europe, reports already sent to the clergy of other countries now at war. This was taken as a sign that the vatican no longer expects peace to be preserved.

The pope is reported to have said to Cardinal Gasparri:

"All civilization seems to have gone mad. Our endeavors have failed. It all rests now in the hands of God. May He pity His misguided children."

It was reported in official circles today that Italy had sent to Vienna an ultimatum demanding a reply by midnight tonight.

Though recent developments had caused optimism here, the general impression today in many quarters was that war between the two nations formerly united by the triple alliance was only a matter of hours.

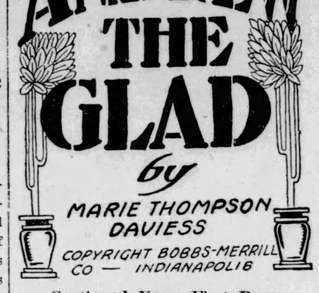
It is estimated that within the last week 10,000 subjects of Germany and Austria have left Italy.

BRITISH COMPROMISE LIQUOR REGULATION

London, May 7.—The cabnet met to consider the revised proposals of Chancellor Lloyd-George, designed to solve the drink problem and expedite the output of war munitions. It is reported that a compromise has been effected between the liquor interests and the government and that the changes in the regulations of the liquor traffic will be less drastic than planned.

ANDREW THE GLAD

By MARIE THOMPSON DAVIESS



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Continued From First Page.

ready for you ever since you were born, in case she sighted you in the open. It's baited with a silver rattle, doll babies, sugar plums, the ashes of twenty years' roses, the fragrance of every violet she has seen, and lately an aggregation of every eligible masculine heart in this part of the country has been added. She caught you fair—walk in and help yourself; it's all yours!"

CHAPTER II.

The Ritual.

"Well, it's a sensation, all right, Major," said David as he stood in front of the major's fire early in the morning after the ceremonies of the presentation of sketches of the statue out at the Temple of Arts. "Mrs. Matilda told me the news and helped me sandwich it into my speech between that time and the open-up talk. People had asked so often who was giving the statue, laid it on so many different people, and wondered over it to such an extent all fall that they had got tired and forgot that they didn't know all about it. When I presented it in the name of Caroline Darrah Brown, in memory of her mother and her grandfather, General Darrah, you could have heard a pin drop for a few seconds, then the applause was almost a sob. It was as dramatic a thing as has been handed this town in many a day. Still it was a bit skyrockety, don't you think—keeping it like that and—"

"David," interrupted the major quickly, "she never intended to tell it. She had done the business part of it through her solicitors. She never wanted us to know. I persuaded her to let it be presented in her name, myself, just before Matilda went out with you. She shrinks—"

"Wait a minute, Major, don't get the two sides of my brain crossed. You persuaded her—she isn't in town, is she?—don't tell me she's here herself!" And David ruffled his auburn forelock with a gesture of perplexity.

"Yes," answered the major, 'Caroline Darrah Brown is here and is, I hope, going to stay for a time at least. I wanted to tell you about it yesterday, but I hadn't seen her and I—"

"And, David, dear," interrupted Mrs. Buchanan, who had been standing by with shining eyes, waiting for an opening to break in on Kildare's astonishment with some of the details of her happiness over her discovery. "I didn't tell you last night, for the major didn't want me to, but she is so lovely! She's your inherited friend, for your mother and hers were devoted to each other. I do want you to love her and everybody help me to make her feel at home. Don't mind about her father being a—you know, a—a carpetbagger. Three of her Darrah grandfathers have been governors of this state; just think about them and don't talk about her father or any carpet—you know. Please be good to her!"

"Be good to her," exclaimed David heartily, "just watch me! I am loving her already for making you so happy by this down-from-the-sky drop, Mrs. Matilda. And we'll all be careful about the carpetbags; won't even mention a rug; lots of talk can be got out of the dead governors, I'm thinking. My welcome's getting more enthusiastic every moment. When can I hand it to her?"

"She's resting now, and I think she ought to be quiet for today, because she has been under a strain," answered Mrs. Buchanan as she glanced tenderly at a closed door across the hall. 'Oh, I'm so glad you think you are going to love her in spite of—of—"

"The Brown graft on the Darrah family tree?" finished David quizzically. His eyes danced with delighted amusement across her puffs at the major as he added, "Must have been silversmiths dangling on most of his ancestral branches, judging from his propensity for making dollars; a million or two, stocks, bonds, any kind of flimflam—eh, Major?"

"Yes," answered the major as he blew a ring of smoke into the air; "yes; just about that; any kind of flimflam. And I cannot perceive of Peters Brown rejoicing at having thirty thousand of those dollars put into an In Memorian to the women who sniffed at him and his carpetbags for a good twenty years after the war. But the child doesn't take any of that in. Those were twenty rich years he put in in reconstructing us, but when he took those same heavy carpetbags North, he took Mary Caroline Darrah, the prettiest woman in the county, with him. This girl—as I have said before, isn't love a strange thing? And you say the populace was astonished?"

"Almost to the point of paralyzation," answered David as he filled a stray pipe with some of the major's choice heart-leaf tobacco. "But we managed to open up the picture show all right. The entire hive of busy art-bees was there in a queer kind of clothes; but proud of it. They acted as if we were dirt under their feet. They smiled on the whole glad-crowd of us with pity, and let us rave over the wrong pictures. The portrait of Mrs. Peyton Kendrick, by the great Susie Carrie Snow, is—er—well, a little more of it shows than seems natural about the left off arm, but it's a Susie Carrie all right. You ought to have gone, Major; you would take with the art-gang, but we didn't; we were too afraid of them. After we had been shooed in front of most of the pictures and told how to see things in them that weren't there at all, Hob Capers said:

"'Let's all go down to the University Club and get drunk to forget 'em,' That's why Mrs. Matilda came home so late."

"And I want Hobson to be nice to her too," continued Mrs. Buchanan as if she had not been interrupted in planning for her guest. "I asked them to come and see her right away."

"Don't! Wait a bit, Miss Matilda," exclaimed David. "Hob saw a mysterious girl in an orchid hat out in the park day before yesterday. He says his heart creaked with expansion at just the glimpse of a chin he got from under her veil. Suppose she's the girl. Let him have first innings."

"David," remarked the major, "flag the sun, moon and stars in their courses and signal time to reverse a day or a year, but don't try to turn aside a maker of matches from her machinations."

David laughed as the major's wife shook her head at him in gentle reproof, and he asked interestedly:

"When may we come to call, madame? I judge the lady is under your roof."

"Soon, dear. She is very tired today, and I feel sure you will—"

"Miss Matilda," called Tempie from the hall, "Miss Phoebe is holdin' the phone for you. She's at Mis' Cantrell's and she wants ter speak with you right away."

"Wait, wait, don't answer her right now—ring her off, Tempie! If she has trouble getting you, Mrs. Matilda, and you keep her talking I can catch her. Let me get a good start and then answer. Goodby! Keep talking to her!" And with determination in his eyes David took his hurried departure.

"Boodby, good luck — and good hunting!" called the major after him.

And with the greatest skilfulness Mrs. Buchanan held Phoebe in hand for enough minutes to insure David's capture before she returnd to the library.

"Major," she said as she rubbed her cheek against his velvet coat sleeve, "why do you suppose Phoebe doesn't love David, I can't understand it."

"Matilda," answered the major as he blew a little curl over one of the soft puffs of her white hair, "you were born in a day when women were all run into a love mold. They are poured into other assorted fancy shapes in these times, but heat from the right source melts them all the same. We can trust David's ardor, I think."

"Yes, I believe you are right," she answered judicially, "and Phoebe inherits lovingness from her mother. I feel that she is more affectionate than she shows, and I just go on and love her anyway. She lets me do it very often."

And from the depth of her unsophisticated heart Mrs. Buchanan had evolved a course of action that had gone far in comforting a number of the lonely years through which Phoebe Donelson had waded. She had been young, and high spirited and intensely proud when she had begun to fight her own battles in her sixteenth year. Many loving hands of her mother's and father's old friends had been held out to her with a bounty of protection, but she had gone her course and carved her own fortune. Her social position had made things easy for her in a way and now her society editorship of the leading journal had become a position from which she wielded much power over the gay world that delighted in her wit and beauty, took her autocratic dictums in most cases, and followed her vogue almost absolutely.

Her independence prompted her to live alone in a smart downtown apartment with her old negro mammy, but her affections demanded that she take refuge at all times under the sheltering wings of Mrs. Buchanan, who kept a dainty nest always in readiness for her.

The tumultuous wooing of David Kildare had been going on since her early teens under the delighted eyes of the major, who in turn both furthered and hindered the suit by his extremely philosophical advice.

Phoebe was the crystallization of an infusion of the blood of many cultured, high bred, haughty women which had been melted in the retort of a stern necessity and had come out a rather brilliant specimen of the modern woman, if a bit hard. Viewed in some ways she became an alarming augury of the future, but there are always potent counter forces at work in life's laboratory, and the kind of forces that David Kildare brought to bear in his wooing were never exactly to be calculated upon. And so the major spent much time in the contemplation of the problem presented.

And when she had come in after a late lunch to call upon their guest, it had been intensely interesting to the major to regard the effect of the meeting of Phoebe's and Caroline Darrah's personalities. Caroline's lovely, shy child's eyes had melted with delight under Phoebe's straight, gray friendly glances and her fascination for the tall, strong, radiant woman, who sat beside her, had been so obvious that the major had chuckled to himself under his breath as he watched them make friends, under Mrs. Matilda's poorly concealed anxiety that they should at once adopt cordial relations.

"And so he consented to undertake the commission for you because he was interested?" Phoebe was asking as they talked about the sketches of the statue. A very great sculptor was doing the work for Caroline Darrah Brown, and it interested Phoebe to hear how he had consented to accept so unimportant a commission.

"Yes," answered Caroline in her exquisite voice which showed only the faintest liquid trace of her southern inheritance. "I told him all about it and he became interested. He is very great, and simple, and kind. He made it easy to show him how I felt. I couldn't tell him much except how I felt; but I think it has something of—that—in—it. Don't you think so?" As she spoke she laid her white hand on the arm of Phoebe's chair and leaned forward with her dewy tender eyes looking straight into the gray ones opposite her.

For a moment Phoebe returned the glance with a quiet seriousness, then her eyes lighted a second, were suffused with a quick moisture, and with a proud gesture she bent forward, laying both hands on Caroline's shoulders as she pressed a deep kiss on the girl's red lips.

"I do think so," she answered with a low laugh as she arose to her feet, drew Caroline up into the bend of her arm and faced Mrs. Buchanan and the major. "I know the loveliness in the statue is what the great man got out of the loveliness in your heart and the major and Mrs. Matilda think so, too. And I'm going quick because I must; and I'm coming back as soon as I can because I'm going to find you here—that is partly, Major," and before they could stop her she had gone on down the hall and they heard her answer Jeff's farewell as he let her out the door.

"That, Caroline Darrah Brown, was your first and most important conquest," observed the major. "Phoebe has a white rock heart but a crystal cracked therefrom is apt to turn into a jewel of price. Hers is a blood ruby friendship that pays for the wearing and cherishing. But it's time for the nap Mrs. Matilda decides for me to take and I must leave you ladies to your dimity talk." With which he betook himself to his room, still plainly pleased at the result of Phoebe's call on the stranger.

The two women thus left to their own devices spent a delightful half-hour wandering over the house and discussing its furnishings and arrangements. Mrs. Buchanan never tired of the delights of her town home. The house was very stately and old-world, with its treasures of rare ancestral rosewood and mahogany that she had brought in from the Seven Oaks Plantation. The rooms in the country home had been so crowded with treasures of bygone generations that they were scarcely dismantled by the furnishing of the town house.

She was in her glory of domesticity, and as she passed from one room to another she told Caroline bits of interesting history about this piece or that. In her naivete she let the girl see into the long hard years that had been a hand-to-hand struggle for her and the major on their worn farm lands out in the beautiful Harpeth Valley.

The cropping out of phosphate on the bare fields had brought a comfortable fortune in its train to the old soldier farmer and they had moved into this town house to spend the winter in greater accessibility to their friends. Her own particular little world had welcomed her with delight, and Caroline could see that she was taking a second bellehood as if it had been an uninterrupted reign.

Most of the financiers of the city were the major's old friends and they managed enormously advantageous contracts with mining companies for him and had taken him into the schemes of the mighty with the most manifest cordiality.

His study became the scene of much important plot and counter-plot. They found in his mind the quality which had led them to outwit many an enemy when he scouted ahead of their tattered regiment, still available when the enemy appeared under commercial or civic front. Also it naturally happened that his library gradually beame the hunting grounds for Mrs. Matilda's young people, who were irresistibly drawn into the circle of his ever ready sympathy.

The whole tale and its telling was absorbingly interesting to Caroline Darrah Brown and she listened with enraptured attention to it all. She repeated carefully the names of her mother's friends as they came up in the conversation; and she was pathetically eager to know all about this world she had come back into, from, what already seemed to her, her birth in a strange land. Two days in this country of her mother, and the enchantment of tradition that had been given to her unborn was already at work with its spell!

And so they rambled around and talked, unheeding the time until the early twilight began to fall and Mrs. Buchanan was summoned by Jeff to a consultation in the domestic regions with the autocratic Tempie.

(To Be Continued.)

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RICH OIL STRIKE EXPECTED WHEN DRILL PIERCES BIG ANTI-CLINE

Oklahoma Oil Sage Discovers True Surface Formation Which Almost Invariably Overlays Vast Oil Pools—Two Big Successes Already His.

JUDGMENT HAS NEVER FAILED — 3,000 ACRES UNDER LEASE

Millions Being Made in Oklahoma Oil Fields—Small Investors to Be Big Winners if R. M. Conway's Latest Venture Proves Success Expected.

Oklahoma City, Okla., May 13.—After promoting two highly successful oil companies in the Oklahoma fields, R. M. Conway, the man whose remarkable success has attracted attention throughout the state, is now organizing a new company to drill on 3,000 acres of leases, he has located on and around a Monster Anti-Cline in Stephens County, Oklahoma.

A little more than six months ago, Conway sold out the Conway-Russell Oil Company, after it had been operating only eighteen months, during which time it had paid 40% dividends. Every dollar invested in its stock brought six dollars in return. The Alert Oil Company, another of Conway's projects was so successful in sixty days, that its stock brought $2 for $1.

Immediately upon the culmination of his first two successful operations, Conway began casting about for new fields to conquer. That was just after the new Healdton field had been opened and roaring gushers were pouring out as high as 4,000 barrels a day from single wells. Conway searched every portion of the state for the right sort of territory and in company with an expert geologist, was looking over the lay of the land in Stephens county, when they discovered "The Big Anti-Cline."

To the average inexperienced eye it would appear to be nothing more than a long ridge with a pronounced dome, but to the experienced knowledge of Conway and his geologist, it meant that a vast oil pool was almost certain to underlie it. The Anti-Cline was a huge one, being two miles wide and six miles long and the formation had the earmarks which experienced oil men know to be an almost certain indication of oil.

TWO PROBABLE BIG OIL LINES CROSS ANTI-CLINE.

The fact that the Anti-Cline was such a perfect specimen would have been enough, but after carefully tracing out its formations, it was found to be almost exactly at the crossing of two apparent oil lines. A straight line from the Petrola fields of Texas passes directly through the Anti-Cline and through the Wann Pool, the Osage Pool, the Cushing, Bartlesville and Hope Pools and terminates in the rich fields around Coffeyville, Kansas. Another line beginning at Ardmore, Oklahoma, passes through the Healdton and Loco fields through this big Anti-Cline, the Lawton field, terminating at Willow, Okla.

Nearly all geological indications—the crossing of these big supposed oil lines—and oil seepage traces in springs, wells and streams, all pointed so strongly to the probability of a big new oil strike, that Conway immediately contracted for 3,000 acres of leases on and around the Big Anti-Cline and at once took steps to organize a new development company.

The prospects for opening another sensational oil field are very bright and regarding it Mr. Conway says:

"Anyone with the slightest conception of what the oil business in Oklahoma pays, when a big strike is made, must realize it offers the greatest opportunity for moderate speculation existing in the United States today.

LEASES BRING FABULOUS PRICES

We have only to recount the remarkable prices paid for leases in some of the newer Oklahoma fields to realize this. In the Paden-Prague field, where the first wildcat well was brought in only a few months ago, leases sold from $50.00 to $250.00 per acre. At Healdton leases brought from $100.00 to $1,000 per acre. Fifty to $1,000 was paid in the Cushing field and $1,000 per acre was paid just recently when the new Robinson pool was opened near Muskogee."

"We have most of the geological indications, existing in any of the fields already developed. I propose to organize this new Company on a scale sufficiently large, to make a thorough test of our holdings, and yet not so large as to reduce the proportion of each investor's profit, in case we strike it rich. The Company has a capital stock of $25,000 fully paid and non-assessable.

CO-OPERATIVE DEVELOPMENT SAFEST.

It is my plan to place the stock among as many people as possible. If we strike it big, even a $10 to $50 block of stock will make its owner big money. If we get only a dry hole, no one will suffer from the loss of so trifling a sum.

"I have never been and never will be associated with any questionable proposition. There will be no stories of men and women losing the savings of a lifetime in any Company of mine. The co-operative plan of developing a good prospective oil leases has been tried out and proven the most feasible. It is simply a matter of a number of people, each pooling a small sum in a chance to make handsome profits for all. Anyone coming into this company does so with his eyes wide open, knowing that if we strike it rich we all make big money, and that if we get a dry hole we all lose a few dollars apiece. Surely there can be nothing that savors of a blue-sky or stock-jobbing scheme about that.

"We have every reason to believe we are sure to strike it rich, yet no man can say it for a certainty. It's just a fair, square, honest, business proposition for a limited number of people who have the courage to risk a few dollars on a very probable opportunity to reap immense wealth. Everybody shares and shares alike, according to the amount of stock he holds.

MILLIONS FROM LEASES POSSIBLE.

One big well will insure us a tremendous return, for this Company, unlike most Companies, has 3,000 acres of leases to sell at big prices as soon as oil is struck. The real value of this investment lies in our great acreage. There hasn't been an instance in Oklahoma during the last two years, where leases in a new field of any importance near a wild cat well have sold for less than $100 per acre; generally they bring from $300 to $1,000 and some even up to $5,000 per acre.

"Suppose we were to sell our acreage for only $20.00 per acre—that would mean $60,000 to say nothing of our profits from oil. At $50 per acre we could sell for $150,000; and if we were to get $100 per acre (the most conservative estimate for really good proven acreage) we would get $300,000.

"There is practically no limit to the possibilities for profit if we should strike a gusher."

84% OKLAHOMA WELL SUCCESSFUL.

Out of all Ol Wells drilled in Oklahoma last year, better than 84% have been producers and this average includes the rankest wild-cat drillings in the State. Our chances for striking oil are not only better than 84 out of 100, but the chances are, we'll strike it big.

"The history of Oklahoma's oil development, proves that the men who have made the biggest fortunes are the ones who pioneered in unproven fields and took a chance. Those who wait till someone else takes the risk and brings in the gushing wells, which send the price of leases skyward, never get very far.

INDIVIDUAL RISK IS SMALL.

However it takes great nerve and unnecessary risk for one individual to attempt such undertakings alone, but in a company like this no one can lose much and everyone has a chance for phenomenal profits. Even a moderate success will mean great profits for even the smallest investor.

"I have already made two remarkable successes in the oil business. Every investor who banked on my judgment before, made big profits. I firmly believe that every investor who goes into this company with me will reap handsomely for I expect this Company to overshadow my other undertakings from fifty to a hundred per cent. With such overwhelming odds in our favor—with such tremendous profits possible if we win—with the percentage of failures so low—and my past record so remarkable—it is hardly reasonable to believe we will not strike it rich. How any man or woman with a spark of ambition in his veins can hesitate to invest so little as $10 to $50 in a proposition of such gigantic possibilities, is beyond me."

Mr. Conway has named his new company "The Big Anti-Cline Oil Company," after the Big Anti-Cline he discovered in Stephens County and is aggressively completing the organization. He reports that stock is selling rapidly and that he expects to start drilling in a few weeks. A complete bulletin of his proposition and many interesting reports of the marvelous oil development in Oklahoma will be sent to anyone requesting it. Send your money at once, as only a limited amount of stock will be sold and the stock will probably be oversubscribed before many days. Address R. M. Conway, Big Anti-Cline Oil Company, 1405 Colcord Building, Oklahoma City, Okla.

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1915.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

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THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is especially prepared for the American home.

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Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

All history was news at one time.

Good listeners make the best neutrals.

Whenever religion is used as a cloak it is drab.

Having one leg in the grave doesn't matter much to a centipede.

Everybody amounts to something when a census is being taken.

There is no way to call a man a liar and make it sound good.

Reaping the whirlwind is a long harvest time for Harry Thaw.

One never hears a college professor arguing that ignorance is bliss.

It is not often that the right thing is done at the right time by mistake.

Jonah was the first to prove that it is impossible to keep a good man down.

Man ought so live that he would not be afraid of meeting his conscience in the dark.

The reason some men can live without work is because a sucker is born every minute.

"From Politics to Pulpit," says a headline. Not everybody goes from bad to worse.

Nothing is more useless than a dictionary when the word one is looking for is torn out.

The Pennsylvania man who lighted a match to look into a gasoline tank didn't see much.

Origin of safety first: "Hang your clothes on a hickory limb and don't go near the water."

"Hope" is one of the sweetest words in the dictionary, and Hope is one of the biggest things in life.

Grafters get caught now and then, just about often enough to prove that honesty is the best policy.

Let it be said in favor of humanity that a woman with a baby can always find a seat in a crowded car.

Close observers will notice that the sun's spots do not keep it from rising and setting on schedule time.

Sectional lines no longer bother this country, and the time is coming when the hyphen will be obliterated.

Judgment must be used in fighting the fly. Don't swat while the little fellow is sitting on the butter.

Many things have been done in the name of so-called religion for which the devil should be given credit.

We would like to see a vote taken to determine which has the most friends, strawberry shortcake or cherry pie.

Most extreme fashions make their appearance in modified forms for the benefit of people who have good taste.

We simply can't feel like doing a mean thing in the presence of the buds and blossoms and full bloom of Spring.

Old Huerta has a precedent for not telling who killed Madero. It has never been discovered who struck Billy Patterson.

As further evidence that this is a beautiful world to live in, scientists find that about 36,000,000 babies are born every year.

Nobody could blame Mrs. John Jacob Astor if she should get married again. Anything to avoid being called a Titanic widow.

Death, it is said, loves a shining mark. But that is not why young men who are physically perfect are picked for army service.

A Chicago University professor says the solar system is all wrong. Everybody who is in favor of having it changed say aye.

Indigestion may bring forth good literature, as somebody has said, but we doubt if corns or bunions ever inspired a thrilling poem.

Small boys are among the world's greatest boasters. Some of them outgrow the tendency to brag about the things they can do, but many never recover.

It has been suggested that working hours should be judged from the standpoint of fatigue. But that wouldn't do in the spring. Nobody would get anything done.

There are many misguided people in the country who can't understand why a rich man doesn't give them a few thousand dollars upon request and take their word that it is the proper thing for him to do.

If the fish that swam up the leg of the Indiana minister and into his shirt bosom weighed a pound when dressed the good brother wears his trousers pretty loose at the waist. His congregation should feed him better.

A new philosopher has sprung up with the theory that "to most men positively nothing ever happens." But that sounds too much like a wail. Being born is one of the greatest things that could happen to any man.

"God willed this war," says a religious publication. Would it not be more sensible to say that God permitted this war? Men and nations are left to work out their own salvation. It is beyond belief that God wills death and destruction.

THE HOUR OF TRIAL

President Wilson is facing today the gravest crisis the nation has known since Lincoln accepted the gage of battle flung at Sumter. Surrounded by inept and inadequate counselors, he presents a figure almost tragic as he sets himself, unaided, to the task of dealing with a friendly nation which has deliberately murdered his fellow-countrymen on the open sea.

It is one of the paradoxes of popular government that in time of stress democracy becomes absolute monarchy. In the level times of ordinary national life the President of the United States is amenable in his every act to the people who, through their representatives in congress, curb or prod him at will. But when the hour of crisis strikes, the millions of sovereign citizens stand for the time disfranchised, their every function of citizenship vested in the one commanding figure at Washington.

Such an hour has come to President Wilson. There is no procedent to guide him. Since the court of the nations took its first shadowy form, since the earliest beginning of international law, there has been nothing that has ever approached in magnitude or daring or gravity the problem the killing of hundreds of innocent Lusitania passengers presents. There is no manifest unity of public opinion to guide the President, no popular clamor to mark the way for him. He must deal with the matter swiftly and alone.

The duty of the people themselves is plain. They must, to the last man, stand by and behind the President unflinchingly. They have chosen him to serve in times like these and, right or wrong, he must be upheld now. At another time the opportunity will be theirs to give his course approval or to condemn it. But in this hour of trial the chief executive must feel and know that his countrymen await his sober judgment in faith and in absolute unity.

CLASH OF AMBITIONS

World politics has for the hour ceased to concern itself with the issue in Poland, the fate of Belgium, the ultimate command of the seas. It has its eyes upon the Dardanelles now and speculates broadly upon the things that may flow from a change of ownership there.

As long ago as 1737, Russia sought the capture of Constantinople. But the Turks succeeded in beating off a combined Russian and Austrian expedition. Forty years after, Russia tried again, but had to content herself with the conquest of a few Turkish provinces. In the nineteenth century the diplomacy of western Europe developed a fixed policy which was opposed to all Russian aggressions in the direction of the Mediterranean. To England and France, it seemed a first rule of safety to keep their big rival pinched for sea room. This policy was strengthened as the years went on and a way to India had been opened through Suez and France had acquired colonies in northern Africa. To block Russian ambition, the English and French joined in the Crimean campaign.

Sir Edward Grey has publicly declared that England would be glad to see the Russian flag floating over the city of Constantinople. But the students of world politics are suspicious. They will not read that declaration literally. They say that Sir Edward may be speaking for himself, but not for England. The way to India must be protected, Egypt must not be menaced by a powerful and not too scrupulous neighbor. If the English and French forces take Constantinople while the Russians are still hammering at the upper end of the Bosporus, they may keep the city for themselves. And that means—say these students—that Russian aims will again have failed and will have to be fought for with some other war forty or fifty years hence.

WHERE FORCE MUST FAIL!

One can be an enthusiast for the cause of woman suffrage and yet agree with these words of Senator O'Gorman:

"Why manifest such a lack of confidence in your cause by abandoning the methods that have already won you eleven states? States that want woman suffrage can bestow it now as freely and effectively as the federal government could if the federal constitution were amended for that purpose. The sole effect of the proposed amendment seems to be to force woman suffrage on the states that are opposed to it. I cannot favor this compulsory method. It violates every principle of home rule or local self-government. This question, in my judgment, should be settled by each state for itself."

The Blade has believed from the start of the campaign that attempting to get a suffrage amendment attached to the federal constitution was not merely waste of time. It did real harm to the equal rights movement. Congress will not submit such an amendment to the states so long as the south is solidly opposed to woman suffrage. And the south is not likely to favor that policy so long as it threatens to revive phases of the race question which, after a generation of trouble, that section considers settled.

The states which the suffragists have won have not succumbed to force. Persuasion has been the key which has opened the door. Why should a policy which has been successful be dropped for one which is not the least likely to succeed?

WAR BOOSTS PRICES

According to recent official statement issued in Petrograd, the inhabitants of the Russian capital paid $10,000,000 more for actual necessities of life in 1914 than they did in 1913. The advance in prices was due to the war. The following are the articles that showed in 1914 the largest percentage of increase in price over the preceding year: Salt, 50 per cent; rice, 56 per cent; groats, 57 per cent; flour, 18 to 20 per cent; butter, 12 per cent; meat, 26 per cent; sugar, 14 cent; eggs, 3 per cent.

CHINA LOOKS DOWN THE RIFLE BARREL

At the beginning of her campaign upon the German colony Tsingtau, Japan gave notice that her only intention in conducting this warfare was to restore to China what morally and lawfully was China's.

Apparently, Japan made a mental reservation. She would do this only if Tsingtau came to her peacefully. The colony put up a fight. Japan holds the colony now as the price for the expenditure of Japanese blood and treasure. She has replaced the Germans with a Japanese military governorship. The Chinese customs buildings have been taken over. Chinese officials have been dismissed as well as German. Even the names of the streets have been made Japanese.

This, it seems, was not price enough. In addition, twenty-one demands were made on China for concessions commercial and political. China refused to listen to them at all. Then, Japan withdrew ten of the demands and notified the powers. The United States among them, of her course. It was a fine display of magnanimity and sweet reasonableness Immediately thereafter, the ten demands were replaced. They are the bone of the present contention.

There is a good deal of vagueness as to the true nature and scope of the concessions demanded. What the Japanese say these are does not match up with the Chinese account.

It may be assumed that what an Englishman says of the Japanese claims would scarcely be pro-Chinese. And yet, according to Francis Aldridge, the English journalist, the demands contain these items: Surrender to Japan of control over all industrial enterprise in Southern Manchuria, East Mongolia, the Yangste valley, Fukien and the late German possessions in Shangtung. "The demands for railroad concessions, if granted, will place under her (Japan's) control the entire trade of the Chinese littoral, for they will tap all southeastern China, the Yangste valley and the whole of the inland provinces. * * * The demands not only represent an extraordinary measure of privileged industrialism, but also of potential internal control. * * * Whether it appears in the published text or not, * * * at first political control was demanded, in addition to financial, police and military supervision."

Persons familiar with China's situation declare that she is in no position to put up a defense against her bullying neighbor. Her integrity can be maintained only if she can command foreign aid. This, just now, is out of the question. Europe is too busy with affairs within pistol-shot of her to bother with a business several thousand miles away.

Even if England, France and Russia were opposed to Japanese aggressions, this would be no time to voice their opposition. Japan is their ally, the base of their naval vessels in the Pacific, a source of guns and ammunition for at least one of them. The United States, of course, will not take up arms for China. Yet Japan appears to have considered that as a possibility. For it has been told in Washington that Tokio offered to give up the German islands, which as Japanese possessions would be too near Hawaii for comfort, in exchange for a free hand in China.

Japan has assured our state department that the policy of the "open door," promulgated by John Hay, will be respected. Furthermore, Japan insists that in this affair all treaty rights and all traditional privileges throughout the world will be respected. Count Okuma, the Japanese premier, recently addressed the American people through the "Independent" of New York, insisting:

"That Japan had not infringed the rights of other nations.

"That Japan had adhered strictly to the principles of equal opportunity.

"That Japan is not attempting to secure a monopoly in China.

"That Japan is not attempting to create a protectorate over China.

"That Japan is not seeking to secure in China any advantage which does not accord with the Anglo-Japanese alliance or with any treaties or undertakings in the United States.

"We have fully informed the United States and the other interested powers as to Japan's purposes.

"We believe they are satisfied."

These assurances will, of course, have to stand the test of time. Japanese diplomacy is forgetful of pledges and promises—to put it delicately. If she could forget the solemn declaration as to the return of Tsingtau, she might just as conveniently forget that she has sworn to respect treaty rights, divers and sundry.

SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE

The federal board of arbitration, settling the dispute between the western railroads and their 65,000 enginemen, finds itself today hooted, despised and condemned by both sides The railroads declare that the award puts a serious strain upon their resources. The workers complain that the wage increase they obtain is a "mere pittance."

This is the history of the arbitration of labor troubles. It is the rule that both sides complain of the award. The exception occurs only where the dispute has reached the point of desperation, where the disputants are willing to accept peace at any price. In the anthracite strike of 1902, operators and miners were desperate. The settlement ended what virtually amounted to war. And in that war mine-owners as well as workmen were paying terrible costs. They were so thankful for peace that they were not disposed to quarrel about the terms.

Many people, the majority of whom seem to be law-makers, look upon arbitration as a perfect instrument for curing labor troubles. It isn't. And it can never be. For arbitrators follow the path of least resistance and "split the difference." The results, nine times out of ten, are exactly those which have followed the settlement in the western railroad case. Both sides are unhappy. They are brought into agreement only on one thing—and that is that the arbitrators have treated them badly.

Capital and labor is developing a better remedy than arbitration, and entirely without outside aid. This is conciliation.

TOLL ROADS

New England is celebrating the passing of its last toll road.

It was sixteen miles long and ran between two towns in the Green mountains of southern Vermont. The local population, much as it hated the paying of tolls, was not strong enough to set the road free. The pressure had to come from a more powerful source and that was a combination promoted among the automobilists.

The Middle West knows of toll roads mostly as a picturesque tradition. It has no conception of the irritations of toll paying and does not realize that such roads still survive. Yet, according to the Philadelphia Press, there are many highways of this sort in the older states. They are, says the Press, particularly hard to get rid of in Pennsylvania. The legislature is indifferent to appeals. It is friendly to the vested interests represented in the roads. It may be years before the last toll is collected.

History tells of a time when the lack of roads kept Ohio poverty-stricken. The population was really to welcome anything that would open a way between farm and market. But, for all this eagerness, the state escaped the burden of toll roads.

This is another thing for which Ohioans have to be thankful.

SENSATION THAT BLEW UP

Tenacious memories will recall a sensation of 1911 which involved several men of note in their states and communities. The government brought indictments against them, charging conspiracy to defraud the public out of $50,000,000 worth of Alaskan coal lands. The case commanded considerable space in the newspapers. Members of the department of justice promised no end of excitement when the defendants appeared in court. The jails would have a set of inmates which for prominence would beat all previous records.

Time garmented the cases in dust. It softened the zeal of prosecutors. Also, it seems, it mellowed a vicious criminality into no wrongdoing at all. The United States district court at Detroit, at the request of the attorney general, has just nolled the indictments.

The law is a strange institution. What was there in these cases which struck the department of justice of 1911 as so needful of extreme punishment and which to the department of four years later was innocence itself.

THE FOUR-TRACK MIND

Victor Murdock, in his newspaper in Wichita, Kansas, tells of a visit he once paid upon the colonel at the Outlook office in New York:

"He was receiving callers, dictating letters, answering the telephone and looking over the titles of thirty or forty books which had been piled before him by an office boy. He discarded the books one after another by throwing them into a waste basket. One he saved and tenderly set aside with a paper weight upon it Under the circumstances his mind could not have devoted more than three seconds to the title, but those three seconds were big with the certain faculty of decision in selection. The title of the book was: 'Snakes in America.'"

This is as good a picture of Roosevelt as anyone else has supplied. He is one of the few persons on the face of the globe whose minds can travel four tracks at one time.

"Any man who can manage one woman can manage a team of mules," says a philosopher. But it doesn't follow that a man who can manage a team of mules can manage a woman.

New Photograph of Sir John French

SIR JOHN FRENCH.

This photograph of Sir John French in charge of the British forces in France is said to be the first for which he has posed since the war began. It was taken on one of his recent flying trips to London, when he stayed one day and was back in the trenches the next.

THE THINKER (AFTER RODIN)

—Chicago Herald.

Sunday School

THE USE OF OUR ENEMIES

The International Sunday School Lesson for May 16 is "David Spares Saul."—I. Sam., ch. 26.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

"A certain number of fleas are good for a dog; they keep him from thinking too much about being a dog," says David Harum. Another putting of the same principle is Mrs. Whitney's famous sentence: "The best cure for little worries is a real trouble." Still another aspect of the case is in the old epigram, "Our enemies show us what we ought to be; our friends, what we may be."

Evidently there is a proper place in the development of character for enemies, else there would not be so many of them provided. One is delivered from morbid self-complacency and introspection by a few vigorous enemies. They are an educational force in life. "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you." Our lesson today has to do with the training given David by his enemies, King Saul being the chief.

It was a wonderful university into which David entered when he was driven out from home and friends and position. In the stern school of outlawry, he learned lessons that fitted him for the throne. By having to guard his own head, he was disciplined for the protection of his people. The qualities of leadership, resourcefulness and coolness in danger were acquired amidst the alarms of a fugitive's life.

Perhaps if more of our young men had to fend for themselves amid primitive physical perils, if they were freed for a time from the all-enfolding and enervating care of our paternal civilization, we should have a sturdier type of manhood. People who prevail over pioneer privations always prove sturdy characters. Our steam-heated, electrically-equipped law-girt and fully-policed manner of life is not an unmixed blessing. It takes hard circumstances to develop hardy souls.

Old Israel's Robin Hood.

Whoever loves a tale of adventure should know this narrative of David's experiences while a fugitive from King Saul. Many of the allusions of the New Testament and of general literature are incomprehensible without familiarity with this romantic chapter of David's life. It was then, when hungry, that he ate of the sacred shew-bread from the tabernacle; and obtained from the priest the sword of Goliath. It was then that this brilliant leader of men pretended to be crazy, in order to escape from the court of Achish, king of Gath. It was then that a host rallied to him in the cave of Adullam, an episode frequently used as a figure of speech, for "every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him."

Crowded with vivid episodes were these years of flight, when the madly jealous Saul, growing more petulent and suspicious and unstable every day, pursued David constantly. Even the family of Jesse were not safe in Bethlehem, and David provided for them over in Moab, the home of his great-grandmother Ruth. We recall how he and his 600 saved the town of Keilah, only to have its ungrateful people willing to surrender him to the pursuing king. Verily, David "learned in sorrow what he taught in song."

There were brighter incidents, of course; as when Jonathan sought him out in the wood of Ziph, and renewed their covenant of friendship. It was in these days that the loyalty of his two followers risked death to bring him a drink from the well at Bethlehem. And beautiful Abigail, who afterward became David's wife, showed that woman is the natural mistress of the art of diplomacy, by placating David and his band when her fool husband, Nabal, had offered them a deadly affront. There was the loyalty of Abishai who dared penetrate with David into the very center of Saul's sleeping camp, and who, for his chief's honor, would have made an end of the royal pursuer. Hard times had David, but in them all he proved himself more of a man than King Saul. That, after all, is the real success, so that sincere spirits shun ease, and ever cry, with the poet,

"Grant me the struggle, that my soul may grow."

I have been reading Kipling's early letters of travel, and tracing in them the originals of persons and places and scenes in his later fiction and poetry. His experiences were the stuff of which his literature is made. To understand the psalms of David one must look back into these hard days when he was hunted as a bird in the mountain. Out of this soul bitterness grew the sweet songs that have solaced souls for centuries. In hard living he acquired a high message. The broken heart sings most sweetly.

Thirst, flight, treachery, hunger, homelessness, cold, ingratitude, disloyalty, insults, dishonor, enmities—of such bitter herbs as these was brewed that sweet draught of poetry and inspiration which has refreshed uncounted millions of parched spirits. We have said that David was fitted for a throne by his outlaw ordeals. Far more than that. By his sufferings he was trained to be humanity's poet-laureate. Even at the uttermost cost, the price was small that he paid for the privilege of immortality of service. All literature and life are richer because David's soul was so sorely storm-tossed.

That is the royal lesson for us all; out of our pain let us make a pean; from our sorrow a song; from our misery a ministry. The highest use of suffering is to learn how to sympathize and to serve. Our own day needs interpreters of the highest experiences of our fellows; alas that so much contemporary literature is cynical and shallow and "smart" and frankly materialistic.

While David was growing bigger and bigger, because of his adventurous, difficult life, King Saul was dwarfing steadily into pettiness, Mean passions indulged make the soul mean. Hate's arrows are boomerangs. Smallness of spirit shrivels the soul. So Saul, once great and noble, became morbid and maudlin, fierce and gusty anger alternating with cringing self-abnegation and sycophancy. His word was no longer a king's but a slave's and his own retainers failed to respect or obey him. No clearer illustration can be found in all history of the truth that it is not the sceptre but the soul that makes the king.

A frenzy of fear and jealousy and hate drove Saul far and wide in pursuit of David, as his spies brought him word. He held himself up to popular ridicule, as with an army of three thousand men he chased hither and yon, even into the desert fastnesses, after David and his little band of six hundred followers. The dramatic contrast between the two is well put in David's complaint, which is almost a taunt; "After whom is the king of Isreal come out? After a dead dog? After a flea?" Really, the king should have been ashamed of such ignoble vindictiveness.

Twice David spared Saul's life. Once he was in the unseen back of a cave (Palestine is a land of caves), when Saul lodged near the entrance. He cut off the lower part of the king's robe while Saul slept; and then, with this evidence of his mercy in his hand, he called from a neighboring hillside and asked the king why he should hunt him as a wild animal. A coarser nature than David's would have slain the enemy and ended the pursuit. But David had a fundamentally reverent spirit, he respected the oil of anointing which had made Saul Jehovah's man. He would not lay hands on the Lord's anointed.

This clemency made the king ashamed of himself for the moment, and he made maudlin promises to David. But the latter, who had learned not to put his trust in princes, still kept safely out of Saul's reach.

Again, when Saul slept in the center of a barricade and his army, with Abner the captain of his host by his side, and his spear stuck upright in the ground at his head, chieftain fashion, David and Abishai drew near to him and could have ended the feud at a blow. Doughty Abishai begged permission to strike only one blow at the king; a second would never be needed.

Despite all provocation, David would not put forth his hand upon the Lord's anointed. Whatever others might do to him he would be magnanimous. Thus he kept his own soul safe from his enemies; for vengeance reacts upon all who indulge in it. The big man can afford to forgive and to wait; the little man strikes on the instant. David conquered both Saul and his own soul.

INTERNATIONAL LAW AND THE LUSITANIA DISASTER

Chicago Herald.

The slaying of scores of Americans in the sinking of the Lusitania makes it timely to consider what international law really is, not with respect to its codes but with respect to the fundamental assumption on which those rules rest.

Here are a number of nations, each sovereign within its territory, none owing any obedience to any other. They agree among themselves upon certain rules for the government of their conduct toward each other. Out of a long series of such agreements international law has grown up. It is a body of rules resting upon common consent.

It is of the nature of the compact or contract which half a dozen men, none owing any obedience to any other, thrown upon an uninhabited island, might make for the regulation of their relations, each with all and all with each. That would differ from a contract which the same men might make here in Chicago, in that there would be no superior power authorized to enforce it.

So the rules of international law are of the nature of a contract without an acknowledged superior power to enforce it. However, since these rules are made by common consent, it has been agreed by all civilized nations heretofore that they cannot be changed save by common consent, just as the men on the island might agree and probably would.

Before the present European war began all civilized nations had agreed upon certain rules for the government of their conduct in war. Among them was that while a nation at war might stop, search, seize and, in certain cases, destroy the vessels of a hostile nation, it might not kill the citizens of a nation with which it was not at war who might be lawfully on board that vessel.

Efforts doubtless will be made to excuse the slaying of the Americans on the Lusitania on the ground that Germany had given "warning" about a "war zone," and that any American who traveled on a British ship must do so "at his own risk." These "warnings" in no way affected the right of Americans to be on that vessel nor lessened the liability of Germany for any injury her sea forces might do them.

Why? Because they proposed a change of the rules of international law—of the contract between civilized nations, entered into by common consent—without securing the common consent essential to make valid any change. And neither the United States nor any other nation, outside of the German, consented to any such change.

DUTCH PRESS CONDEMNS GERMANY IN SEA DISASTER

Amsterdam, via London, May 10.—The Handelsbad, commenting on the Lusitania, says:

"The torpedoing of the Lusitania has caused a profound impression here. A people such as ours, which always has been a seafaring people, has the right and it is its duty to express its indignation at the barbarous manner of the German warfare on the sea, which violates that which always has been respected.

"Recently the Germans sunk more than 20 defenseless fishing boats. Now without warning they have sunk a big mail steamer, the Lusitania. This act is opposed to every law and every sentiment of humanity. We raise our voice, however powerless it may be, in protest. A seafaring people which has any self-respect does not make a war of annihilation upon defenseless people."

Approved by Satan?

"Neutrals who in these lamentable times have so often imposed restraint upon themselves," says the Tijd, "in order to silence their feelings of horror and indignation must now acknowledge that another incident can be added to all the previous violations of laws, to the atrocious interpretation of treaties and to the inhuman and devilish contrivances which Germany has been guilty of using in committing murder on a great scale.

"The commander of the German submarine which sank the Lusitania can look with pride upon his work. Is not this so, Satan?"

With an area equal to that of Texas, two-thirds of it tillable, Morocco has less than 10 per cent of its soil under even the rudest cultivation.

VARIETIES

The Dead sea is 1,200 feet below the sea level.

Russia wishes American farm and garden seeds.

The Azores islands report serious shortage of wheat.

The only complete ancient Roman standard in existence is owned by an Englishman.

For several years India has steadily increased its production of coal, iron and copper.

The war has been responsible for the establishment of the first successful barium industry in the United States.

Geologists have estimated that more than 24,000,000,000 tons of coal remain to be taken from the fields of Wales.

Europe's best lighted cities in proportion to population, in the order named, are Petrograd, Vienna, Berlin and London.

The giraffe is said to be the only animal in nature that is entirely dumb, not being able to express itself by any sound whatever.

Since the United States took charge of the Philippines more than 3,000,000 natives have had some instruction in the English language.

Cow barns are models of cleanliness in Holland. Some farmers place mats before the doors and visitors must wipe their feet before entering.

The momentum of a modern 12-car railroad train running a mile a minute is equal to that of a ton weight falling from a height of [illegible] miles.

Historians say that more than one thousand miles of the lower Nile were protected by artificial embankments and other works of engineering skill.

The government of Chili plans to send experts to the United States to teach American farmers the correct methods of utilizing nitrate of soda as fertilizer.

The draft created by Austrian 30½-centimeter guns takes parts of the thatched roofs from cottages 10 feet away and carries them high into the air.

Fresno county, California, produces 94,000,000 pounds, or about 60 per cent of the California raisin crop, and nearly twice the quantity produced by Spain.

The volume of the rocky crust of the earth, estimated as ten miles thick, including the mean elevation of the land above the sea, is 1,871,000,000 cubic miles.

Chile claims that the Island of Chiloe, off its west coast, is the original home of the potato, having been cultivated there since early in the fifteenth century.

A long and high English railroad bridge is equipped with automatic wind gauges, which set danger signals against trains should the wind blow at a dangerous velocity.

Instead of throwing her kitchen refuse into a dustbin the poor Constantinople housewife puts it into a sort of kennel outside her door for the wandering dogs of the city.

A machine has been perfected in Saxony which embroiders clocks and ornamental designs on three dozen pairs of socks or stockings simultaneously, 388 stitches being made at one time.

Because frosts do the most damage when the air is calm, a Florida scientist has advanced the theory that orchards and vineyards can be protected by electric fans to keep the atmosphere moving.

Arrows are said to be very much in demand in the European war trenches. Guncotton is fastened to the missiles, which are then shot into the air in such a way as to fall into the enemy's diggings, an explosion following.

In addition to nuts used in confectionery the Indian cashew tree yields an insect repelling gum, a juice that makes an indelible ink and three kinds of oil, one edible and the others used to tan fishing nets and preserve wood.

A new method of growing corn has given good results in dry-land regions of western Kansas. The rows are seven feet apart instead of 3½ feet, but the plants are twice as thick in the row. The yield was double that of adjoining fields planted the old way.

It has happened in Lower California that a pearl fishing expedition fitted out at an expense of over $10,000 returned with pearls not worth $1,000 in all, but the mother-of-pearl gathered nearly pays all expenses in such a case, provided no boat has been lost.

The Bosporus has long been under Turkish control, and repeated European conferences, including that of Berlin in 1878, have confirmed the stipulation of the treaty made in 1841 that no ship of war belonging to any nation but Turkey shall pass through it without the consent of the Ottoman authorities.

Persian carpets were formerly dyed with indigo madder or vine leaves and from these materials shades were evolved that were impervious to the action of sunlight. Aniline dyes, which have been much used in recent years, give colors which fade much more rapidly.

Bolivia should profit immensely by the British embargo on tin. In that South American mountain republic are tin mines of a remarkable richness, and railroad connection with the Argentine republic has recently been completed. These same mines were producing fortunes in silver before the first Pilgrim landed in New England.

There are in the United States approximately 4,000,000 children between the ages of four and six, which is ordinarily regarded as the kindergarten age, says a report of the federal commissioner of education. Only about 300,000 of these children are enrolled in public and private kindergartens, and probably not more than 3,000 in Montessori schools.

Cleopatra's Needle, the Egyptian obelisk now standing in Central park, New York, is a block of syenite weighing about 200 tons. It was erected at Heliopolis in the [illegible] dynasty," a thousand years before Joseph. It was brought to Alexandria by Cleopatra and a few years ago presented to the American people by the khedive of Egypt.

Reports from Delhi, India, say that judging from the first forecast of the wheat crop, best authorities there believe that the area under wheat will probably approach 32,000,000 acres, and, provided the weather conditions are favorable, there is likely to be a large surplus for export later. The area under wheat in 1913 was 29,589,000 acres. In the two preceding years it averaged nearly 31,000,000 acres.

The PEACE PAGE.

MARTHA HOLDEN — EDITOR

The Back Yard

MARTHA HOLDEN.

The back yard is purely an American institution, and it reaches the flower perfection in the middle west.

In England and on the continent of Europe the tiniest village has its garden, a plot often the size of a small room. I recall such a garden in Paris. The house presented two high parlor windows to the street, and then a high board fence with a closed gate, so that the passersby saw nothing but a blank board wall. On entering the gate there was a little portion of the house with a small brick glass roof, fronting a small brick paved square and bordered as "the garden."

In the center was a diamond shaped bed of red geraniums, and at the edge were shallow coops for the chickens and doves. There was a little table and bench in the corner where stood a time-beaten tree and where every pleasant summer afternoon the family gathered for tea.

Every house in Paris has its garden, small or great, according to circumstances. Switzerland gardens are terraces. Switzerland gardens are above their high brick walls you can see the mountains with many flowers blooming at their bases, and many cascades glistening snow and sparkling from their sun kissed peaks. Tropical gardens are hidden within high hedges and old trees shade them. Roman gardens are often brick paved and graveled, and there is always music near them.

The Italian garden suggests splashing fountains, a sundial, tall cypress trees and tropical foliage, the faint sweet notes of the mandolin and whispered lovers. It has been for centuries the model for ambitious outdoor gardens the world over. Back in Queen Elizabeth's time, when England, newly rich, was building her first pretentious homes, it was to Italy she went for her inspiration. Louis XIV. of France, you remember, built in the gardens of Versailles a miniature Venice, with its labyrinths of waterways and aisles of orange trees.

In America today the inspiration for gardens is largely Italian, and the vast wealth now lavished on the setting of the house, as well as the structure itself, is not spared to bring Italy to our very doors.

That the surroundings of a house are as important as the house itself is the good suggestion for all of us growing out of what seems, in some cases, a foolish waste of money. It is doing much to make the American back yard in its original sense, a thing of the past.

In certain country neighborhoods and small towns the backyard used to be a place of disorder. Pieces of board, old shoes, broken dishes, old carpet, rusty nails and other dangerous trash often lay there undisturbed from season to season. If a backyard has had dishwater thrown upon it for years, it will not be an easy matter to get grass started there, and it may require several years and much patience. But it can be done. A thrifty woman who moved to such a place, sowed grass seed there three different times before she succeeded in making it grow, but she now has a nice thick sod to look out upon as she works in her kitchen or back porch.

A back yard can be mowed as easily as a front yard. Grass is much easier to keep clean than bare ground that has to be swept every few days.

The value of flowers and color to relieve the gray monotony of the daily routine of kitchen work, can scarcely be estimated. A morning glory vine climbing over the kitchen window, new every morning, with its dewy chalices of pink and blue and crimson, is refreshment to the soul of a tired mother.

A fringe of fragrant petunias along the old picket fence, a row of sweet peas or a company of gaudy nasturtiums may bring new vision to tired eyes, their perfume revitalizing the jaded nerves.

Neglect the front yard if necessary, but make of your back yard a garden. Insist on calling it a garden, and then live up to it. Flies will not find much attraction in a garden, though they will flourish in a dirty back yard. Work in your garden, out in the open, with the clean blue sky above you and the fresh green grass beneath your feet.

The Cozy Corner

OUR MOTTO.

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

A Historic Grave.

Many stories are told about Nancy Hanks' grave. I live a very short distance from that hallowed spot. The grave is surrounded by one of the most beautiful parks that money and pains can make. It is enclosed with a fine iron fence with beautiful drives and walks. Waterworks have been established there and the lawns and flowers are in perfect order. The grounds comprise 16 acres of land, with beautiful shade trees. It was a pioneer cemetery and several graves beside hers are in the park. My friend, I. T. H. said: "Nothing remains now but an old rail fence on the Lincoln farm." You can't find a rail fence in the county. "Nothing remains now but some old log barns, which were floored with rails or boards split by the hands of Lincoln. There are no log barns standing in this county or around Lincoln City. Barns that cost from $500 to $3,000 grace the farms of Spencer county, as well as the modern dwellings.

There is in this Lincoln park a fine auditorium. Lincoln is a railroad junction where four trains meet six times every day, from all four parts of the country, and many people visit this sacred spot and rest in the park. There are no oak trees at Nancy Hanks' grave, as the writer said, but the monument of beautiful design is placed in the corner position at the grave and is adored by all visitors. The grave, during summer, is often strewn with bouquets from the hands of those who come to honor this dear mother of Lincoln.

The last playmate of Lincoln died in Missouri about 12 years ago. A gold dollar was dug out of the earth last year in a section hand on the railroad, with Lincoln engraved on it, and is now a relic.—P. A. Jr., Ind.

The Best Hobby.

I had, on reading the correspondence in the Peace Page, that some of the readers have hobbies. We all have some thing that attracts our attention more than another, whether it is good or bad. I have a hobby, and that is in reading the holy Bible. I read a great many books, and if it is a good book I read it more than once; but I have not read it as often as one of the correspondents says he has. I never kept a strict account of the times I have read it, but I know I will be safe in saying that I have read it more than a dozen times. That is, the Old Testament. The New Testament I have read twice that number of times. A man once told me that he had read it ten times, and was still reading it. He was so much crippled that he could not do any work, and he had read all of his time reading the Bible. From the time that Moses wrote the first five books to the time that John wrote the Revelations was a space of more than 1,500 years. The 66 books of the Bible were written by more than 30 writers. It is a library of the best literature and is the most popular book in the market, its annual sales being more than 15,000,000 copies. It is printed in nearly 100 languages, dialects and characters, and is read by nearly all of the nations of the world.

I love it for its interesting and luthentic history; because it gives us the best code of laws that was ever enacted; the interesting narratives of the men and noble men and women recorded in it, and for the unexcelled poetry. I love it, the best of all, for the precious promises it gives us, especially in the books of the New Testament. It is the sinner's map, the pilgrim's staff, the believer's compass, the soldier's sword and the Christian's chart.—Uncle Henry.

The Favored Wren.

I have lived among West Virginia hills all my life and I suppose that is the reason I think they are beautiful. It is all the place I know. We live in a small county, about five miles south of Moundsville. We only own about 20 acres of land, but this makes us a nice little home. We keep a small country store and have about one acre of raspberries and a nice young orchard with all kinds of fruit in it just beginning to bear. This part of the county is very thickly settled. I can see from our yard about 20 farmhouses, and none of them more than two miles away. We have two schools and two churches.

I love flowers and have lots of rose bushes and chrysanthemums, and I also like birds. A little wren has built her nest in our mail box for about four years, and she always raises about three flocks of little birds a year. We don't use our mail box after she begins to build her nest; we manage to get and send our mail without disturbing her.—Mrs. H. E. D.

NORTH CAROLINA SCENERY

I believe western North Carolina is unsurpassed for her high mountains and beautiful scenery. Among some of the highest peaks are Mt. Mitchell, 6,875 feet above the sea level. It is the highest peak east of the Rocky Mountains. Balsam Cone is 6,670 feet high. It is the greatest of pleasure to roam among the wonderful Blue Hills of western North Carolina during summer time, where the billowing forest sweeps down into seemingly bottomless blue abysses, to rise again in blue domes and pinnacles.

It is an entrancing land of fragrance and color, of warm sunlight and cool breezes. In the fertile valleys lie the beautiful fields of waving wheat and corn. Over the rolling foothills spread the sunny meadows of blue grass and clover, alight with primrosey fire-pink and phlox. And on every side rises the majestic sweep of the mountains, a glorious wilderness of fragrant forests, cool, hurrying streams, sparkling cascades and flowery labyrinths.

The Balsam Mountains, I think, must be the most beautiful of all the world. One of the greatest picturesque sights is to climb to the tops of these high mountains and look down and see our beautiful towns and lakes. We have some of the most up-to-date hotels in the south, that accommodate thousands of tourists from most all parts of the world.

I am longing to see summer time come. Then we will saddle our mules, pack up our bedding and camp supplies, tie them to our saddles and drive our cattle out into the mountains, where we have camps built. There we will stay five or six days, herding our cattle, fishing and hunting. This is a great pleasure to me to visit our mountains and see where our forefathers once ranged their cattle. But we can only see their old camping grounds; almost all the old camps have decayed and fallen to the ground. As we travel in the mountains we can see old-time paths, where our forefathers once traveled. In many places we find carved on trees the names of many we knew, who have passed away. These things bring to memory the stories I have heard my grandfather tell of how they would kill deer and many kinds of animals many years ago. There is but one of these old-timers living in my community. I will give his name, perhaps some of the readers will know him—Mr. E. A. Cook.

Come again, Mrs. M. P. of Michigan, and tell us more about the pioneer days. Guess someone will think I am an old woman, from the way I have been writing. I am between 18 and 24. I certainly agree with Mrs. G. E. M. of Idaho. I never will marry a girl that uses tobacco or snuff.—T. L. P., North Carolina.

Let us have the school letter—M. H.

THE SUNK LANDS

I have an idea that it might be of interest to some of the Blade readers to know how they bury the dead here in this "Sunk Land" of southeast Missouri. In the spring season, when it is very wet and boggy, they just dig a place in the ground deep enough to set the coffin in to have the top level with the top of the ground, then they wall up with plank about 3 feet; then fill it up with earth, although in the dry season one can be buried 4 feet under the ground. Those that are able to afford may bury in a vault, built of brick or concrete. Aunt Eunice, I liked your description of Hannibal. Come again; your letters are very entertaining. I have a birthday, May 2; will be 27 years old; would enjoy a card shower. I have received many cheery letters and nice cards from many Blade friends, and it will never be known how well I have appreciated them. Some of the reading matter that comes to me has no name signed. They are appreciated just the same, and I thank those who send, through the peace page.—Mrs. M. J. R., Missouri.

Our Correspondents

I will reply to A N. S., Nebraska, who says bad women ruin more men than drink or gambling. There never was or never would be a bad woman were it not for some false-hearted man. Nine times out of ten he was a boozer before he ever met a woman.—B. W., Ohio.

Reggie of North Carolina says if her husband did use tobacco she would try to make the best of it, rather than have a disturbance. A. M. W. of Washington, and Mrs. R. S. G., Michigan, give "Just a Mother" good advice and tell her to go out and play with the children. Well, it is easy to tell someone what we would do when we haven't yet had the cross put upon our shoulders. With a large family to do for, one doesn't get much time to play, or pray, either; the only way to do is to pray as we run.

Cheer up, "Just a Mother," there is a crown for you, and may it be glittering with stars, representing the precious jewels that you have saved. I will pray with you that the next one will be the last one. The Bible says we shall love our neighbor as ourself. Who is our neighbor? Is it they who put into fine apparel every dollar they can make, while they depend on borrowing every useful article of their neighbor, and run around and have a good time, while their children are as good as homeless, were it not for the neighbors?—St. Joe Sister.

In the Cozy Corner of the Blade, issue of April 15, S. M., Indiana, pays a very glowing tribute to the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. I was born and reared in the town of Berryville. I am a young man and was born long after the close of the Civil war, but was much interested in his story and especially in the young girl with the black eyes. I asked several of my neighbors to read his description of my old home, and each and every one at once wondered what became of the girl.—W. J. R., W. Va.

Who can tell anything about the girl? Maybe she is alive to speak for herself.—M. H.

C. H., Me., sends an old hymn, In Time of Need, which is especially acceptable on the Peace Page.

Many thanks for the flowers you sent, Mrs. M. C. V., Rock Cave, W. Va. They arrived here nice and fresh, and their fragrance helped dispel the gloom of a rainy day.—M. H.

The letter of A. N. S., Nebraska, in the Blade of April 22, has shattered the teachings of a lifetime. We have been taught to consider that men, with broad mind, strong and superior judgment, which no amount of alcohol could impair, were capable of laying down our laws, marking out the paths for us to walk, and if we transgress are tried by twelve of those intelligent animals, and punished according to the dictates of their judgment. That A. N. S. letter has knocked the props from under them, lowered them beneath the weak-minded evil woman. That Nebraska letter has surely given us room for thought.—M. C., Pa.

Broken Hearted, W. Va., asked about correct mourning apparel. She is a young girl who has lately lost her mother. White, in plain fabric, such as lawn or organdie, without figures, and with dull black belt and plain black dull silk or straw hat is suitable. Bright jewelry or ornament of any kind, except beads of dull black or a brooch of dead jet, are avoided. An all-white costume in dead white, not lustrous, is sweet. The short veil is often worn, but is not necessary. The all black costume is apt to be very depressing, but white with dull black accessories expresses respect for the dead and affords the protection which the one in grief has a right to expect.—M. H.

I agree with M. E. S., of Pa., but I am the mother of seven children and the step-mother of four, so you see, I have my hands full. But they are all good and that makes it easier. —C. T., Ky.

I had a pleasant greeting from a mother of ten and step-mother to two" this week. Thank you for taking time to think of anything or anybody "outside."—M. H.

I can enjoy health now, as I have been sick all winter, and our five children all had whooping cough, but are well now. The day is perfect, the blossoms out, and everything lovely. I should like to see the perfect wife of our friend, Bach Jones of Va.—L. G. C., Mich.

Mollie Stacy, Pond, Ky., sends greeting from her new home, where she has been living for a year. "I have been living here more than a year, and think this is a pretty country, even more beautiful than my own—Virginia. I have lost one of my dearest friends, my father, since I last wrote to our Page Family. I have a birthday in May, and would enjoy cards."

Cheer-Up Row

Mrs. Kittie Jefferson, Moundsville, W. Va., has almost lost her eyesight. Please send some cheer-up cards.

I would like to receive rhubarb and horseradish plants; also peonies and house flower strips, especially fuchsias. S. S., Maryland.

We have taken The Blade for over a year and think we couldn't do without it now. I enjoy the letters, especially those from the old soldiers, as grandfather was one of them. Dear readers, will some of you send me reading matter? Anything will do. Would also like to have some quilt scraps. Our house with all its contents, was burned last June, and I am having to piece quilts all over again.—Mrs. Pallie Jones, Velpen, Ind.

Mrs. S. J. Mooneyhan of Greenville, Tenn., is ill and needs cheering up.

We are a young couple, just married a year May 13. We were very happy until our dear baby, only 12 days old, was taken from us by death. We can sympathize with those in such sadness. —A. B. M., Osborne's Mills, W. Va.

Language.

Judge.

"You will find this tar paper very good for moths," said the salesman.

"I don't doubt it," replied the customer, "but what I want is something that's bad for them."

On Mother's Day
By W. M. PARK.
NO marching armies wheel at her command,
Nor cannons roar her day to celebrate.
Yet never sets the sun upon her land,
Nor halt the tongues her praises to relate.
Within the hearts of all her kingdom lies
And to her sway e'en war lords bend the crown.
From poor and great alike her subjects rise
To bless her reign and sorrow at her frown.
PAUSE in the heedless rush that mars your day
And contemplate the queen you oft forget;
Mould her a thought and, for a moment, stay
To send the word of love that pays your debt.
What though the whole round earth between you roll?
Send thoughts; the whirling world its hurrying pace
Will halt, till mother gets her royal toll
And sends back love that doth the debt erase.
CAST heavenward your eye to yonder star—
A willing messenger 'twill prove indeed.
She, too, upon the self-same beam, afar,
May gaze, and there your loving message read.
And every day the messenger will go
To carry on the loving word that thrills.
For all the days are mother's days, you know,
And all the hours thereof her glory fills.

Decoration by Eugene Frankel

Merry-Go-Round

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Likes Mountains.

Colorado has been my home for the last twelve years. We live six miles from the dear old Rockies, and in view of Pike's Peak. I have been to the summit of the peak. The scenery round about is almost indescribable. The peak is snow capped the year round. I love the mountains, and used to spend much of my time among them. You can come into closer touch with God, and see more of His great handiwork while among their cliffs and crags.

I, too, am a great lover of nature, and I certainly do love all of our little feathered friends. They are a real inspiration to me. While I was spending the winter in southern California I could wake up any time through the night and hear birds singing, the frogs croaking and the crickets chirping.

I enjoy watching the birds build their summer homes. How carefully they place each grass or straw, so that when all is finished they will have a complete house.—E. M. M., Colo.

Sees Bright Side.

I have listened to your cheery talks until I simply can't stay out any longer. Isn't our paper one of the nicest and most helpful ever printed? I am sending a little verse that I hope every one can receive as much good from as I have.

I used always to find the thorns along the pathway of life, paying very little attention to possible roses. I suppose it is owning to a false education, or way of looking at things, that we all do this. Somehow we all expect to be pricked by the thorns. We take the bitter things here, under protest, of course, but cheering ourselves with the thought that the more of unhappiness and hardship that fall to our lot now, the more of pleasure and comfort shall we have by and by. Now I've been reading The Blade for rather more than a year, and have tried to put in daily practice some of its teachings, with the consequence that I've come to consider this 'no rose without a thorn business' all tommyrot.

I know that isn't an elegant expression, but it tells what I mean. I believe we may have the roses here and now if we will, and without harming or taking anything from another soul. We've simply got to change our minds, and I am doing that as fast as ever I can. Allowing that every rose must have a thorn, then every thorn must have a rose, and it should be our pleasure, privilege and duty to see the roses, inhale their fragrance and rejoice in their beauty.

My earnest desire is to find the right path, the true way of living. One thing I know, if we are not happy, if we discover only the thorns as we go along, if we plod instead of taking a joyful "hop-skip" once in a while, to liven things up a bit, if we sigh and frown instead of singing or smiling, if we are tired of life, instead of finding the beautiful, then there is something wrong. We are not on the right path.

We have been taught that "duty" is a hard taskmaster, and have come to believe that the highest and most urgent duty is something we would far rather not do, but must, of necessity. This way of looking at it is all wrong. I believe that the faithful performance of any worthy action is meritorious, if the doer goes about his task willingly. If he goes grudgingly, he has failed in the full performance of duty. That which is not done from the heart is not worth doing.

I would like to know what you all think about it, because we are all learning together and trying to solve the problems of life in the best way.

"I have heard it said, since I was born,
That every rose must have its thorn,
No matter where it grows.
It may be so; I'll not deny;
But this is quite as true, say I;
Each thorn must have its rose."

I won't say anything about my state except "it's good enough for me."—Just Bud, Okla.

SCRAP BOOKS

For the past three years I have been a subscriber to the Toledo Blade and have each year sent clubs of other subscribers. My reasons for taking it were two: First, that my father was a regular subscriber for many years, especially during the civil war. He read with the greatest interest the letters by Petroleum V. Nasby, written, as I remember, from the "Confederate Crossroads," and their humor served to lighten, in a measure, the extreme anxiety and strain occasioned by the reading of the news from the battlefield and the other terrible features of war, especially when reports came that young men whom he knew had been taken prisoners, and this last was intensified when one from our own household, my brother, was among the missing. Then, too, there were other features of the paper he enjoyed and since he was in the habit of reading aloud, we all looked anxiously for the arrival of the Blade, even we younger children of the household.

The other reason for my liking of the Blade is the two columns of selected poems, many of which I had already in my scrap book. I especially enjoy the patriotic poems and this because I have for many years been collecting them and giving them place in my scrap book, the making of which is one of my hobbies. If I were not so busy a woman I could often supply many of the poems asked for by Blade readers.

Speaking of scrap books, I do not always find time to do more than clip the poems and other articles and store them in envelopes and boxes, and to get about pasting them in a book has been somewhat of a dread. I have recently formulated a plan which lessens the labor somewhat. I label my envelope or box when possible with the word "Patriotic" or "Poems of Condolence," or with some word or words descriptive of the clippings. Then I have as many books as I have subjects. At present I have one for biographical sketches of prominent people.

Being so intensely interested in all that pertains to those who served under our starry banner in the 60's, as well as the noble women who worked so faithfully to alleviate the sufferings occasioned by the war, and later my interest in the Woman's Relief Corps, of which I am a member, and our work for the members of the Grand Army men and other civil war veterans, I am making a very interesting book. Then I have one devoted entirely to the great hero who 50 years ago was passing to the fate of a martyr; he whose death was all the more keenly felt because so recently had the surrender at Appomattox been the signal for unbounded rejoicing. My "Lincoln" book, therefore, will be most dearly prized of all. Then I have one for other patriotic poems and sketches, and in this will probably be entered all clippings concerning "Old Glory," and especially of the Star Spangled Banner and other features which made the week of celebration in Baltimore last September a notable one. Then I have a general scrap book and when I have time for work on these various books I have them all at hand. This simplifies the work, and makes the scrap books a valuable addition to one's library when one has not much money to invest in books.—E. J. S., Vermont.

Household Hints

I wish to procure some beer seed or cider seed, as it is sometimes called. A little of it in a bottle of sweetened water will, after a few hours, when it has worked, make a refreshing summer drink.—G. M., W. Va.

Please give a remedy for hoarseness by one who hasn't talked above a whisper for eight months.—C. G. D., Tenn.

Boys and Girls

OUR MOTTO:

All that we do
We do with our might.
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

How About a Button?

The boys and girls of the North Harpersfield, N. Y., school district, No. 9, have sent in their names as members of The Blade Bird Club. They ask if we have buttons or bird books for our bird club members. At present we have not, as the club is only about a year old. It is growing steadily and is fast becoming a national institution, so that in time, I think, we shall have to adopt some sort of insignia. You pioneer and present members try to think up some good design for a bird club button. Send it in and let's compare ideas on the subject.

The best thing about being a member of a bird club or any protective organization is what it does for you in quickening your instincts for kindness and helpfulness. It is pleasant to proclaim to the world, by means of a button or a badge, that you are one of a great, good company, but the real good comes from doing conscientiously what the club stands for. The Blade children have been loyal without the button, but I hope we shall have one to offer you next year. Meanwhile, keep the big idea of preserving and protecting the birds, and add new members to our Blade Bird Club list by talking to your friends. We publish new names from March, 1915, next August. Your loving

AUNT MARTHA.

Letter From Ten.

Please will you be so kind as to take us into the bird club? There are 10 of us. We would all be pleased to join it. We all love the birds and protect them as much as we can. We live at North Harpersfield, N. Y. We all go to one school and see lots of birds going and coming. The other day a meadow lark came back of the schoolhouse. Our names are: Olive L. Fredenberg, Gertrude Heywood, Clayton Cook, Nellie Eddy, Ruth Eddy, Fannie Eddy, Dorothy Nichols, Marian Nichols, Alvah Streeter and Clarence Walworth.

SHORT AND SWEET.

Jennie Decker, 13, North Bingham, Pa., lives very near to the highest peak in the Appalachian highland.

H. F. Ringer, Somerset, Pa., says the robins are building on a tree near his house, and he is watching the work from the window. H. F. lives in a state where the trailing arbutus grows.

Ella Bellows, Six Lakes, Mich., has written us several good letters in times past. She sends word now that she has had in return over a hundred postcards and letters, many of which she has personally answered.

Zettie Swisher, Catawba, W. Va., asks a recitation suitable to Memorial day.

Horace Hadley, Houghton, N. Y., 15, lives near the Genesee river and walks a mile to school every day. Horace lives where the thermometer gets down to 20 below some winter mornings. Pretty cold to walk to school then, but it's a good, dry cold, isn't it? Horace likes to hunt, and when he is older he expects to go to Pennsylvania to hunt.

Leota Still, 12, Cleveland, Tenn., wishes there were more letters from the young people of Tennessee. So do I.

Ollie Rambo, 14, Mt. Liberty, Ind., loves the birds and likes to read. She read 125 school library books last term.

Mabel L. Hamlin, 15, Bismarck, W. Va., likes The Blade and the birds.

Ferol, Leedom, O., who has written us good letters before, writes today to send the valuable suggestion of a friend: "Do not go anywhere you would be ashamed to have anyone follow you."

Elsie C. Drummon, Oriskay Va., 12 September 28, wishes that Lee Fowler would send her a picture of the Bluffs, that he promised to any who would write.

Arnold Roberts, 13, Norfleet, Ky., loves to read the letters.

Ostie O. Roberts says he is busy now killing rats. His little brother Boyd rides all the time.

Lessel M. Wade, 15, Liverpool, W. Va., has a birthday August 20. His hobbies are music and horseback riding.

Mabel M. Sites, 6 May 25, Masonville, W. Va., would like birthday cards.

Burnette Warren, 14, agrees with Red Wing, Wash., about The Blade. Lily Warren, 16, loves the mountains all about her home. These sisters live at Candler, N. C.

Lois Byrd, 17, also lives at Candler, and agrees with Little Michigan Farmer.

Mabel and Frances O'Kelley, Candler, N. C., are new bird club girls.

Little Gentry, Toliver, N. C., says: "I wish that life might always be as sweet as it is today and the world might be as bright and beautiful.

POETS' CORNER

BINGEN ON THE RHINE

Caroline E. Norton.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers.
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, and he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I nevermore shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;
And, mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars.
The death-wound on their gallant breasts the last of many scores;
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age;
For I was still a truant bird that thought his home a cage,
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine;
On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine)
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another—not a sister, in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning,
Oh, friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison)
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, I heard or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk!
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, his grasp was childish weak,
His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled.
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead.
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battlefield, with bloody corpses strewn;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

PUT ME IN MY LITTLE BED

Oh, birdie, I am tired now,
I do not care to hear you sing,
You've sung your happy songs all day,
Now put your head beneath your wing.
I'm sleepy, too, as I can be,
And sister, when my prayers are said,
I want to lay me down to sleep,
So put me in my little bed.

Come, sister come, kiss me good-night,
For I my evening prayers have said.
I'm tired now and sleepy, too,
Come, put me in my little bed.

Oh, sister, what did mother say,
When she to heaven was called away?
She told us always to be good,
And never, never go astray.
I can't forget the day she,
She placed her hand upon my head;
She whispered softly, "Keep my child."
And then they told me she was dead.

Sister, come and hear my prayer,
Now, e'er I lay me down to sleep;
Within my Heavenly Father's care,
While angels bright their vigils keep.
O let me ask of Him above
To keep my soul in paths of right;
O let me thank Him for His love
Ere I will say my last good-night.

IN TIME OF WAR

While sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground,
To Thee we look, on Thee we call,
The Parent and the Lord of all.

Thou who hast stamped on human kind
The image of a heaven-born mind,
And in a Father's wide embrace
Hast cherished all the kindred race.

Great God, whose powerful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O, bid the human tempest cease
And hush the meddening world to peace.

With reverence may each hostile band
Hear and obey that high command.
Thy Son's blest errand from above,
"My creatures, live in mutual love!"

POEMS WANTED

The Letter Edged in Black and The Dying Girl's Message, to Lola Hoover, Farwell, Mich.

In Uncle Sam's Dominion, to Ellen Wiltshire, Macy, Ind.

The Boston Burglar and Dad's Dinner Pail, to W. H. Klink, Towanda, Pa.

No Sweeter Girl Ewe Ever Gnu Than Betty Martin's Daughter Sue, to Will Benedict, Canton, Pa.

When I Came to Old Virginia and Geo. Allen, to Lonnia Isom, Galax, Va.

Silver Colorado and Nightingales All Singing in the Valley, to Geo. Linger, Horner, W. Va.

Over the Garden Wall, to Mrs. Hamill, Rochester Mills, Pa.

I Am Thinking, Mother Dear, to Jesse Butcher, West Homliss, W. Va.

It Is Growing Very Dark," to E. G. Reed, Manzanola, Colo.

Stone the Woman, and Let the Man Go Free, to Mrs. O. R. Everhart, Beloit, O.

Words and music of Gathering Home, to S. F. Lupton, Salem, Iowa.

To Belva L. Bennett, Artemas, Pa., the remainder of

"Oh, father, dear father, once more,
Please read in your Bible and think;
No drunkard shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven;
Oh, father, please give up your drink."

THE SUN DIAL

Mrs. Jane O. Dearing of New York sends us a poem of her youth which she has never seen in print, save in the scrap she memorized it from. She has passed her 84th birthday, and sends the Sun Dial, or I Note the Bright Hours Only as a bit of verse "too good to be lost." It is a pleasure to print this optimistic old song on this page. Too many of the old songs and poems were full of gloom. We live in a brighter age, and those whose hearts and thoughts have kept pace with the times, see the value of noting the bright hours in life's little day. Our dear old friend is undoubtedly one of these, and we welcome her as a helpful member of our family.—M. H.

A lesson in itself sublime,
A lesson worth enshrining
Is this, "I make no note of time
Save when the sun is shining."
For life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Then lets forget its pain and care
And note the bright hours only.

These motto words a dial bore,
And wisdom never teaches
To human hearts a better lore
Than this short sentence preaches;
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
We should forget its toil and care
And note the bright hours only.

We bid the joyous moments haste,
And then forget their glitter.
We take the cup of life
And taste no portion but the bitter,
But we should teach our hearts to deem
Its sweetest drops the strongest,
And pleasant hours should ever seem
To linger round us longest,

And while we're passing on the tide
Of times' fast ebbing river,
Let's pluck the flower by its side
And bless the gracious giver.
For life is somtimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
We should forget its pain and care
And note the bright hours only.

MILTON'S LAST POEM

(The following beautiful poem is from the Oxford edition of Milton's Works. The work is rare and the lines comparatively unknown.)

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown,
Afflicted and deserted by my mind,
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet, dying,
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong,
Father, supreme, to Thee.

O merciful One!
When men are farthest then Thou art most near;
When friends pass coldly by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose, clearly shown;
My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing,
Beneath it I am almost sacred, here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal never yet hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless hand
Which eye hath never seen.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

George Bancroft Griffith.

If you have a gray-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit you down and write the letter
You put off from day to day.
Don't wait until her weary steps
Reach heaven's pearly gate,
But show you that you think of her
Before it is too late.

If you have a tender message,
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it,
But whisper it today.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait,
So make your loved one happy
Before it is too late.

The tender words unspoken,
The letters never sent,
The long-forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent—
For these some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved ones wait;
Show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.

AFTER SUFFERING TWO LONG YEARS

Mrs. Aselin Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Minneapolis, Minn.—"After my little one was born I was sick with pains in my sides which the doctors said were caused by inflammation. I suffered a great deal every month and grew very thin. I was under the doctor's care for two long years without any benefit. Finally after repeated suggestions to try it we got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking the third bottle of the Compound I was able to do my housework and today I am strong and healthy again. I will answer letters if anyone wishes to know about my case."—Mrs. JOSEPH ASELIN, 606 Fourth Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy we know for woman's ills. If you need such a medicine why don't you try it?

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or any firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine of biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

PANAMA LOCKS

Will you please tell in these columns how the locks of the Panama canal are constructed?—S. E. F., Franklin, N. C.

Plans provided for 12 locks in the Panama canal, all in duplicate. At Gatun there are located three pairs in a flight with a combined life of 85 feet; one pair at Pedro Miguel with a lift of 30 1-3 feet and two pairs at Miraflores with a combined lift of 54 2-3 feet at mean tide. The dimensions of all the locks are the same, a usable length of 1,000 feet and a width of 110 feet.

The locks are chambers with concrete walls and floors and watertight gates at each end. The side walls are from 45 to 50 feet at the surface of the floor, are perpendicular on the face and narrow from a point 24 1-3 feet above the floor until they are eight feet wide at the top. The middle is 60 feet wide, about 81 feet high and each face vertical. This wall is divided into two parts at a point 42 1-3 feet above the surface of the floor and 15 feet above the top of the middle culvert. This leaves a space in the center 19 feet wide at the bottom and 44 feet wide at the top. In this there is a tunnel divided into three galleries, the lowest gallery for drainage, the middle one for wires to carry the electric current to operate the gate and valve machinery installed in the center wall, and the upper gallery is used as a passageway for the operators.

The lock chambers are filled and emptied through lateral culverts in the floors connecting with main culverts, 18 feet in diameter, in the walls, the water flowing in and out by gravity.

The lock gates are constructed of steel, seven feet thick, 65 feet long, and from 47 to 82 feet high. They weigh from 300 to 600 tons each. For the entire canal 92 leaves are required, the total weighing 57,000 tons. No vessel is allowed to pass through the locks under its own power. Electrical locomotives are used to tow all vessels through and electricity operates all gates and valves.

THE TEUTONS

I would like to know why the name of Teuton is applied to German people.—A. J. M., Graham, N. C.

The name Teuton comes from Teutoni or Teutones, the name of a tribe in northern Europe. The Romans became aware of the existence of this tribe in the year 103 B. C. At that time the members of this tribe are said to have, together with the Ambrones, reinforced the Cimbri after their repulse from Spain by the Celtiberi. The Teutoni and Ambrones were totally defeated in 102 by Marius at Aquae Sextiae.

Historians have disputed the racial affinities of the Teutoni. The name is Celtic in form, and many writers hold the opinion that the Teutoni were really a Celtic tribe, a branch of the Helvetii. A people of this name seems have been mentioned by the early traveler Pytheas as inhabiting the coasts of the northern ocean in his time. Strabo and Velleius classify them as Germani. It is evident that the distinction between Celt and Teuton was not clearly realized by some of the earlier historians. If the Teutoni really came from the same part as the Cimbri, it is possible that their name may have been preserved in that of the district called until recently Thyland or Thythsyssel, in the extreme northwest of Jutland.

ARGENTINE LAND

I would like to know something of the land and labor conditions of the Argentine republic.—E. M., Sprucedell, Minn.

Argentina is a producer of wheat, meat and wool. The farmer in this South American country has many advantages over his northern brother, and farming is one of the big occupations down there. The climate is warm but not excessively hot, and enables the farmer to obtain two crops from the same soil each year, as he is able to do agricultural work the year round. The soil is more fertile than in northern Europe, and contains a large amount of potash and phosphorus. With a large amount of mineral matter in the soil the Argentine farmer does not have to trouble with fertilizing at a great cost. He can cultivate the whole farm year after year sowing wheat each time, and not diminish the yield. With the exception of a number of locations covered with bushes and trees, the soil is covered with low grasses, enabling the farmer to use the plow and keep cattle from the very beginning. He does not have to provide for roads.

The locusts are the only insects that trouble the farmer in Argentina and damage crops and pastures. However, the government has spent considerable money in fighting these pests, and has succeeded in doing away with many of them and lessening the likelihood of damage. The richest portion of Argentine soil is formed of alluvial deposit, which covers 75,000 square miles with a varying depth of from seven to 11 feet. This region is in the center of a basin bounded by the Andes on the west, the central plateaus of Bolivia and Brazil on the north, and the mountainous chains of Brazil and Uruguay on the east. This basin receives directly silt gathered from rivers which flowed into the valley. The average rainfall is 30 inches, and takes place generally in the winter and early spring, which are the most favorable seasons for the cultivation of wheat.

In the southeastern and southern parts of the province of Bucnos Ayres the soil is lighter and more sandy. In the west are the Pampa plans, where there is a light, sandy and humiferous soil. The soil of the south of Santa Fe and the center of Cordoba is sandy, somewhat dry and wooded. In Entre Rios the soil is sandy, somewhat clayey, often light and rich. Out of the million miles of Argentine land, one-third are fit for immediate cultivation, one-third can be utilized for stock raising and the remainder comprises partly woods, mountains, rivers, lakes, salt pans, towns and arid regions.

Besides stock raising and farming the people there find employment in mining and manufacturing. The industries include breweries, boot making, yarn making, manufactories of building material, saw mills, lime kilns and mosaic tile works, furniture making, tanning, flour milling, producing cane sugar, manufacturing cigars and tobacco, making ready-made clothing and working up metals.

FOREIGN COMMERCE

Will you please tell me what countries of the world lead in foreign commerce?—P. D., Olmstedville, N. Y.

The United Kingdom, Germany and the United States are the three countries that lead in the amount of foreign commerce in the way of imports and exports. In 1912 the United Kingdom had exports valued at $2,371,073,000 and imports aggregating a sum of $3,623,794,000. Germany's exports the same year amounted to $2,131,718,000 and her imports were $2,544,557,000. In 1913 the United States exported goods to the value of $2,428,506,000 and imported $1,813,008,000 worth.

WATERWAYS IN U. S.

I would like to have you tell about the improvements in the waterways of the United States.—C. W., Barnesville, Ohio.

In this country there are many rivers, canals and lakes all classed under the general term of waterways. Congress has jurisdiction over those waterways which may be regarded as navigable. Waterways are regarded as navigable when they can be used or are susceptible of being used, in their ordinary condition, as highways for commerce over which trade and travel are or may be conducted in the customary modes of trade and travel on water. Congress has the power to pass legislation that will insure navigable streams remaining in a navigable state such as removing obstructions and regulating traffic on the streams.

Large appropriations are made by congress every session for keeping the rivers and harbors of the country in condition for traffic. Many improvements have been made in past years, canals have been constructed by different states and rivers hitherto not navigable have been made navigable. Authority has been granted to improve the waterways of New York. The Hudson is navigable as far as Troy and by canal barges to Waterford. It is to be canalized from Waterford to Fort Edward under the proposed canal improvements of that state. The Mohawk river is to be canalized from the Hudson nearly to Rome, thus making these two rivers part of the improved canal system of the state. A system of barge canals have been authorized in New York from the waters of the Hudson to those of Lake Champlain, Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, to be used by barges carrying 1,000 tons. This is the largest canal improvement project ever undertaken by one of the American states, and one of the largest ever undertaken in the history of the world.

Another improvement is the formation of a continuous waterway from the Mississippi river through to Lake Michigan at Chicago, the Chicago drainage canal being a part of this improvement. This canal is navigable by vessels drawing 22 feet of water. Various other canals have been constructed in that section of the country which connect rivers and form continuous waterways. The Wisconsin and Fox rivers, with the Mississippi and a canal connecting the first two, form a waterway from the Gulf to Lake Michigan. The Nebraska or Platte and Kansas rivers are all lengthy tributaries of the Mississippi, but are not navigable. Congress has been asked to render some of these lengthy rivers navigable for commercial purposes.

Improvements undertaken by the general government and the state of California have opened up the lower Sacramento river and connecting waters until the range of tidal action has been extended as far up as Sacramento City, and rendered it navigable for vessels drawing from 10 to 15 feet of water.

The construction of a 22-foot ship canal from Lake Erie through the Buffalo harbor to a point in the Niagara river below the city of Buffalo has been considered. There are several hundred miles of artificial waterways in the United States which were constructed for the purpose of navigation by vessels drawing from three to six feet of water and carrying from 75 to 300 tons of freight. Some have been abandoned and others have become partially filled up with silt and overgrown with vegetable matter, while others have been kept in a state of good repair and active operation. There were about 500 miles of canals in operation in Pennsylvania at one time. In Ohio the Miami & Erie, the Ohio, the Walhonding and the Hocking were in active operation. They had extensive commerce, but recently they have not been used to any great extent, some being entirely abandoned as far as commerce on them is concerned.

LIGHTNING RODS

Please give me some information about lightning rods in the columns of the Question Bureau.—E. T. H., Harrison, Mich.

The old copper lightning rods used so much in former years are not regarded as needful any more in protecting a building from lightning. No rods or wires can assure absolute protection. The most effective protection against lightning is a great quantity of scattered metal points, no matter whether the points are of iron or copper. A mesh of barbed wire fence over the roof and chimneys would not only be one of the most effective, but the cheapest protection. Perfect protection could be obtained by inclosing the building in a metal sheath as no electric discharges can penetrate into an enclosed metal safe. Next to the metal sheet protection the closely meshed wire cage ranks and after that a number of metal rods or wires all around.

One rod gives little protection to a building. The bulk of a rod is of no avail because the flash is so sudden that the interior of the rod has no chance to operate. All the discharge passes back and forth along the outside. But the wire should not be too thin as it is liable to corrode. The old theory of draining lightning off a building by having a good conductor to prevent resistance and insulators to prevent jumping is now discarded according to authorities. It is known that there is an immense amount of electric energy to be discharged almost instantly. It is almost certain to distribute itself around a considerable area and all that the points can do is to insure and regulate that distribution.

JACK JOHNSON

Will you please give a short sketch of Jack Johnson, when he became champion of the world and how many men he has fought?—A. M. G., Fugates Hill, Va.

Jack Johnson was born in Galveston, Texas, March 31, 1878. He won the world's championship in the heavyweight class when he knocked out James J. Jeffries at Reno, July 4, 1910, in a 15-round battle. From that time Johnson retained the heavyweight champion until April 5, 1915, when he met Jess Willard at Havana and was knocked out by the white man in the 26th round.

Johnson has won the following fights: John Lee, Jack McCormick, Bob White, Jim Scanlan, Peter Everett, Frank Childs, George Gardner, Denver E. Martin, Sam McVey, Sandy Ferguson, Sam McVey, Sandy Ferguson, Frank Childs, Black Bill, Yg. P. Jackson, Joe Jeannette, Sam Langford, Charlie Haghey, Jim Jeffords, Sailor Burke, Al McNamara and Tommy Burns. He knocked out Charlie Brooks, Horace Miles, George Lawler, Dan Murphy, Ed Johnson, Joe Kennedy, Joe Kennedy, Jack Jeffries, Klondike Joe Butler, Sam McVey, Denver E. Martin, Jim Jeffords, Walter Johnson, Morris Harris, Black Bill, Peter Felix, J. Lang, Bob Fitzsimmons, Kid Cutler, Jim Flynn and Ben Taylor. He won on a foul from Fred Russell and Sandy Ferguson. He lost on a foul from Joe Jeannette. He fought to a draw with Klondyke, Frank Childs, Billy Stift, Hank Griffen and Joe Jeannette. He lost in fighting with Joe Choynski and Marvin Hart. There was no decision in his fights with Sandy Ferguson, Black Bill, Joe Jeannette, Jack Monroe, Black Bill, Joe Grim, Joe Jeannette, Joe Jeannette and Joe Jeannette.

In addition to the above fights Johnson won from Victor McLaghlen, knocked out Stanley Ketchel and fought no-decision bouts with Phil, Jack O'Brien, Tony Ross and Al Kaufman. After the Jeffries fight Johnson won from Jim Flynn, A. Spoul and drew with Jim Johnson. He also whipped Moran.

MISCELLANEOUS

J. R. S., Herrick, Ill., and N. K., Lima, O.—The Nasby Letters in book form are out of print, the only copies in existence being those owned privately.

G. O., Forest, O.—The German cruiser Prinz Eitel Frederich, is interned at Newport News, where it must remain until the close of the war.

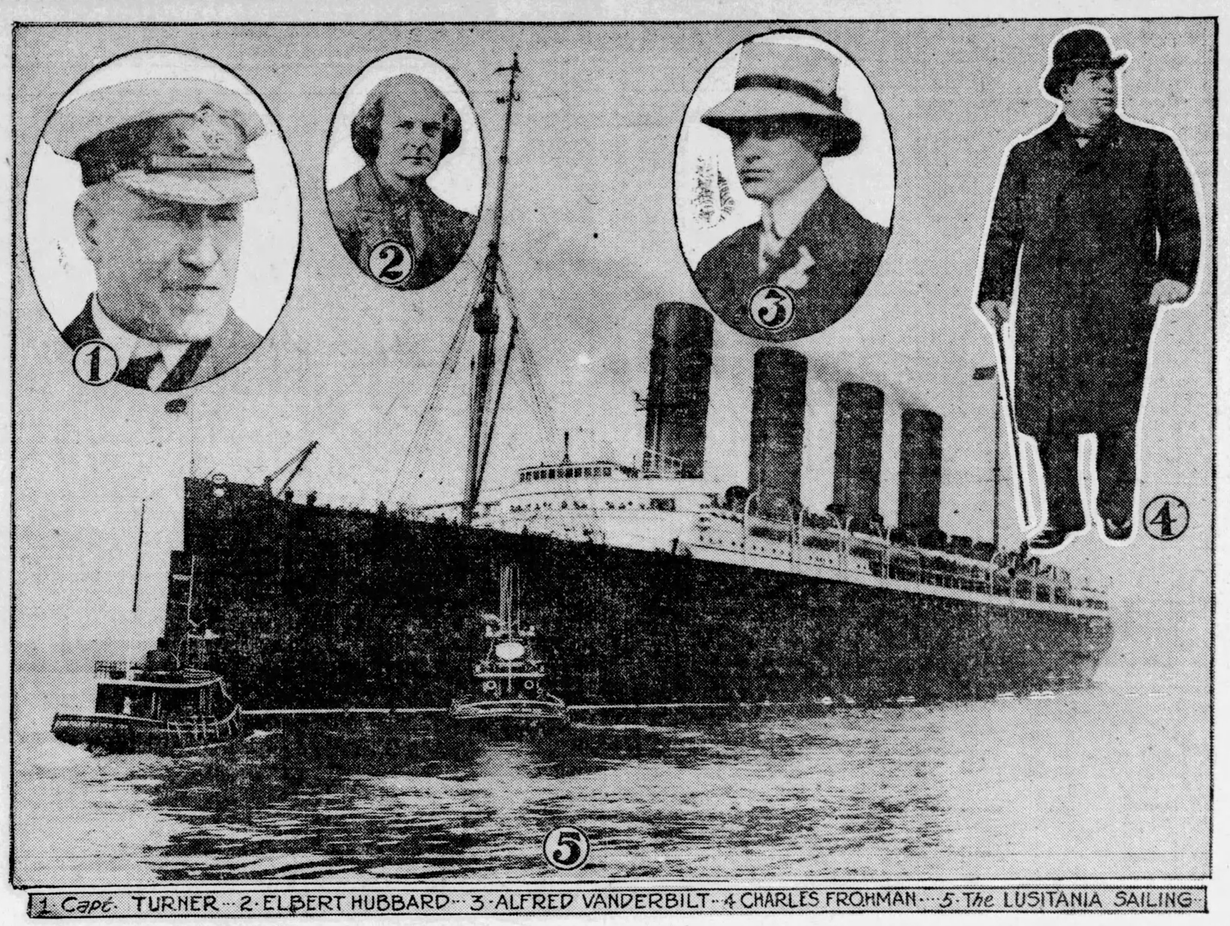
C. T., Spring Valley, Va.—Our references do not mention the fact that Pocahontas had a sister and therefore we are unable to give you her name if there was a sister.

N. E. P., Payne, O.—We have no sketch of the life of Berton Braley.

CANADA CASUALTIES HEAVY

The total Canadian casualties in the battle of Ypres, according to a corrected list, will reach 5,500. Of this number 500 are known to have been killed and 2,000 are missing, indicating that more than one-fourth of the division of 21,000 were put out of commission.

ELBERT HUBBARD WAS ON HIS WAY TO INTERVIEW THE KAISER



1 Capt. TURNER··2·ELBERT HUBBARD··3·ALFRED VANDERBILT··4 CHARLES FROHMAN···5·The LUSITANIA SAILING

The threat of the German embassy that the Lusitania would be torpedoed didn't depreciate the passengers list and when she sailed from New York Cantain Turner laughed at the warning.

Elbert Hubbard, writer, editor and shepherd of his flock of Roycrofters at East Aurora, accompanied by his wife, went over on the Lusitania in the hope of getting into Germany and having an interview with the German emperor.

"I used to be on friendly terms with the kaiser," said the Fra, "but I don't know how I stand with him now, for you know I have written some things he may not have liked."

Mr. Hubbard knew about the German embassy's warning, but he thought it about as important as the direction of yesterday's wind. He said he would make no effort to get into the lifeboats if the German threat was put into practice unless there was spare room for him. He said he knew the value of advertising and that if he was torpedoed by the kaiser's navy men while on his way to see the kaiser the publicity would be a fine boost for the Roycrofters left behind up at East Aurora. "If I get through safely," he added, "and the German emperor won't see me in Berlin, I'll be patient awhile and see him later at St. Helena."

AMERICAN PRESS CAUSTIC ON THE SINKING OF THE LINER LUSITANIA

The Blade herewith presents editorial comment from all parts of America and abroad on the sinking of the Lusitania:

NEW YORK SUN—No episode of the war has startled and aroused public opinion in this country in greater degree. The moral and intellectual effect is bound to be tremendous beyond measurement. That it was premeditated we knew; that it was reckless of innocent, noncombatant lives we are sure; and "dastardly" is the word on millions of American lips.

JOURNAL OF COMMERCE NEW YORK—The attack on the Lusitania was not war. It was simply attempted murder on a scale deliberately intended to inspire general consternation and fear; it was not the work of the naval force of a power bound by the conventions of law and humanity, it was plain and unqualified piracy.

NEW YORK WORLD—What Germany expects to gain by her policy is something we cannot guess. What advantage will it be to her to be left without a friend or a well-wisher in the world? The war cannot last forever. Peace will eventually come, if only through exhaustion. What will be the attitude of the other nations toward Germany when the conflict is finished? How many decades must pass before Germany can live down the criminal record that she is writing for herself in the annals of history?

NEW YORK TRIBUNE—For every American citizen one fact will stand out clear and beyond all else. In defiance not alone of every principle of international law but of every dictate of common humanity. American men, women and children—citizens of this neutral nation—have been exposed to death, have perhaps been actually murdered by German war craft. No voice will be raised, no effort will be made to force the hand, to hasten the action of the President of the United States. But neither he nor any other official in our government can mistake the temper in which their fellow citizens will wait. They will wait with the casualty list in their hand. They will wait, fortified each day and each hour by new evidence and fresh details of the manner in which Americans—American women and children—have been exposed to death by German submarines. The nation which remembered the sailors of the Maine will not forget the civilians of the Lusitania!

NEW YORK HERALD—If ever wholesale murder was premeditated this slaughter on the high seas was. The Lusitania was a British ship, but this fact does not mitigate the crime of the kaiser's navy against this republic in killing peaceful American passengers. Nor does the fact that warnings were given mitigate the crime—it rather increases its enormity. Americans had the right to go by any steamship they chose. They had the right to protection by this government. No government can long last that does not protect its own citizens. The grave crisis which was precipitated by the torpedoing of the Gulflight grows greater each hour as the tidings swell the list of dead.

NEW YORK TIMES—From our department of state there must go to the imperial government at Berlin a demand that the Germans shall no longer make war like savages drunk with blood; that they shall cease to seek the attainment of their ends by the assassination of noncombatants and neutrals. In the history of wars there is no single deed comparable in its inhumanity and its horror to the destruction without warning by German torpedoes of the great steamship Lusitania, with more than 1,800 souls on board and among them more than 100 Americans. Our demand must be made, and it will be heeded unless Germany in her madness would have it understood that she is at war with the whole civilized world. It will stir the American people as they have not been stirred since the destruction of the Maine in the harbor of Havana. President Wilson, because of his strength and the habitual soberness of his judgment, will resist all promptings to unreasonable or hasty action. But he knows the people who have put him at the head of the nation; he will instinctively know and understand the feeling that pervades the country today and he will respond to it by taking the firm, wise course which justice, right and honor demand.

NEW YORK AMERICAN—The sinking of the Lusitania, with her heavy freightage of peaceful travelers, including hundreds of women and children, was not an act of war; it was a deed of wholesale murder. * * * It must teach the people of the United States who will today read with horror the list of their fellow countrymen sacrificed to the red rage of Europe that a nation can rely upon nothing for its own protection and for the safeguarding of its own citizens, except its own physical power to protect them against all menace.

BALTIMORE SUN — One thing should not be forgotten in considering this latest German "triumph." It strikes a far more dangerous blow at Germany than at England.

ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC—The edifice of international law, that fabric reared by the efforts of statesmen through the centuries of war and peace, lies in ruins. For the moment there is no law on nations. Brute force rules. The more inexcusable the outrages of the present hour, the surer the reaction and the securer the fate of those who will follow the ways of peace in centuries yet unborn.

PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC LEDGER—The utter recklessness of the German submarine campaign against merchantmen, belligerent or neutral, reaches its appalling climax in the sinking of the Lusitania. Only one word characterizes adequately the policy of Germany in this matter. That word is piracy. There is no shadow of excuse for it in military necessity.

DETROIT FREE PRESS—Nothing has happened in the North sea zone that has demonstrated more clearly the fact that the British no longer rule in their home waters. They have lost control of the seas where control is most vital to their interests. We may assume that it was chiefly to prove this in a striking way that the Germans destroyed the Cunarder. For as a practical war measure the sinking of the Lusitania was less important than the destruction of a food vessel would have been. It was intended as an intimidation and as a warning for the future, as a proof, in short, that Germany rules the north European waters.

CHICAGO HERALD—It is true that these Americans were aboard an enemy's ship. But even neutral passengers aboard an enemy's merchant ships have rights under the laws of nations which cannot yield to the supposed exigencies of submarine warfare. And among these rights is that of a reasonable regard for their lives and safety. The idea that neutrals under such circumstances have cut loose from all protection of international law is untenable.

KANSAS CITY STAR—Between peace and war there is the difference between the loss of the Titanic and the destruction of the Lusitania. The whole world expressed horror and sympathy at the sinking of the Titanic. The destruction of the Lusitania shows the world chaotic. Its normal human sentiment is twisted by passion and by fatal or fateful influences.

PORTLAND (ORE.) OREGONIAN—By sinking the Lusitania the Germans have shown their determination to destroy the commerce of Great Britain with neutral nations by any means and at all risks. The loss of many lives, even if neutrals, appears to be a matter of no consequence to them; or if it is of consequence they take the hazard. But this latest event, which nearly concerns us, is an evidence of the war's tendency to involve us, strive as we may to avoid being drawn into it. In this respect we are in the same position as other neutrals, for the Germans in their war on British commerce have made war on the ships of Holland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark. One would suppose that Germany had enemies enough to satisfy her, but she seems not to care how many are added in striking at those she already has.

BOSTON GLOBE—Let the reply of the American people in this hour of gloom and heartache be in the words of Him who might, had we let Him, have spared us all these horrors: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

MEMPHIS COMMERCIAL-APPEAL—The United States should notify Germany that loss of American life and passenger ships by torpedoing without taking off passengers will be regarded as an act of war and demand an answer. If an answer is not satisfactory congress should be called in extra session to consider a declaration of war.

MEMPHIS COMMERCIAL-APPEAL—President Wilson should notify Bernstorff, the German ambassador, that the government will regard the torpedoing of passenger ships under any flag, without previously taking off passengers, as an act of war against this country, if any of the passengers are American citizens. Then the President should call for a categorical reply.

"If Germany should refuse to respect the well settled rules on the high seas, then the President should call Congress in extra session and ask for a declaration of war.

"Germany should 'Remember the Maine.' It is time that the United States show that this republic is not another China. War sometimes is more endurable than peace."

"REVOLTING," CRY OF FOREIGN PRESS

"Mad, Reckless Act," Asserts Conservative Stockholm Newspaper.

Stockholm, via London, May 10.—The conservative newspaper Nya Allshanda, which has always manifested pro-German sympathies, commenting yesterday on the Lusitania, says:

"A cry of horror and indignation will rise from the civilized world. If the Germans have sunk the floating palace solely because it was British, it is an unpardonable crime against humanity. One can hardly understand how an officer of the German navy could be able to perpetrate such an act. We must presume that the Germans had discovered that there were arms and munitions aboard. But the act remains nevertheless revolting and horrible."

"PREMEDITATED CRIME."

Rome, May 10, via Paris.—The Giornale d'Italia says:

"That such a large proportion of the peaceful travelers on the Lusitania lost their lives sums up the atrocity of the crime which struck down men, women and children, persons of all ages, conditions of life and nationalities, who could not resist or injure either belligerent. The warning published in America against leaving on the Lusitania shows that the crime was premeditated. There there are no extenuating circumstances."

"WORLD DETESTS ACT."

Kristiania, via London, May 10.—"The mad and reckless actions of German submarines," says the Aftenposten editorially, "now has reached the culminating point. The whole world looks with horror and detestation on the event."

The Morgenbladet says:

"The sinking of the Lusitania is for the time being all other events in the background and arouses the whole world over a feeling of horror. The Germans have meant to terrify, they have terrified their friends. But terror breeds hate. German influence will feel this keenly when the war is over, especially in America."

DENMARK SHOCKED.

Copenhagen, May 10.—Comment on the torpedoing of the Lusitania in the Ekstrabladet says:

"The catastrophe must fill the whole civilized world with horror. It is the ugliest, the most cruel act of the war has yet reported."

CAN'T BE NEUTRAL.

Geneva, Switzerland, May 10.—The Swiss newspapers express indignation concerning the torpedoing of the Cunard liner Lusitania. The Tribune de Geneve says:

"How can our opinion remain neutral before such an abominable crime? Precisely because we are neutral, a protest with all our force against a premediated act of piracy. The cup has overflowed."

MRS. CARMAN ACQUITTED

Mineola, L. I., May 10.—Mrs. Carman was acquitted Saturday of the murder of Mrs. Louise Bailey. The jury was out only 15 minutes.

"CONTEMPLATE WITH JOYFUL PRIDE," IS GERMAN PAPER'S WORD

Amsterdam, May 10.—The Cologne Volkszeitung says:

"The sinking of the Lusitania is a success of our submarines which must be placed beside the greatest achievement of this war. The sinking of the giant English steamer is a success of moral significance which is still greater than material success.

"With joyful pride we contemplate this latest deed of our navy. It will not be the last.

"The English wish to abandon the German people to death by starvation. We are more humane. We simply sank an English ship with passengers who at their own risk and responsibility entered the zone of operations."

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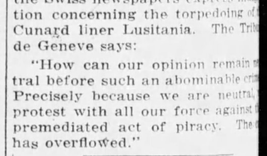

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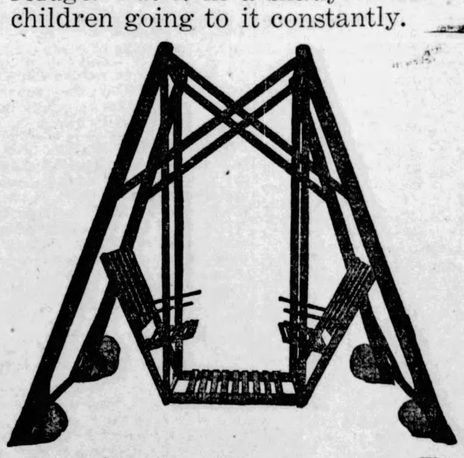

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GERMAN TORPEDO BRINGS DEATH TO MANY AMERICANS

British Ship Lusitania Sunk; Government at Washington Faces Crisis.

When the big Cunard liner Lusitania was torpedoed by a German submarine last Friday without warning in the Atlantic ocean, eight miles off the head of Kinsale, on the south coast of Ireland, and went to the bottom carrying with her about 1,200 of the 1,900 passengers and crew of which nearly 200 were Americans, this nation was horrified as never before since the sinking of the Maine.

The big British liner had sailed from New York despite a warning published in American papers by the German embassy that it was dangerous to traverse the war zone. Survivors say that the vessel sank beneath the water within 20 minutes after the torpedo struck amidships. Over 600 survivors were picked up from open boats and the ocean by tugs and trawlers putting forth from Irish ports. Only about a third of the Americans on the passenger list were saved.

WELL-KNOWN AMERICANS MISSING.

Among the Americans missing are several well known people. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Hubbard, Charles Frohman, Alfred G. Vanderbilt and Charles Klein. When news of the sinking of the liner became known in this country the people were astounded. The government at Washington at once realized the gravity of the affair. It has brought the United States closer to the European struggle than ever before.

A little over 50 Americans are numbered among the survivors. They had disregarded a warning of the German embassy in Washington not to sail on the ill-fated vessel. They were near their destination, just a few miles off the Irish coast, when several of the passengers saw a periscope of a submarine nearby. Soon after a thin streak of white was seen issuing from the submarine, and instantly the big liner, bearing her burden of human freight, including many women and children, reeled when the torpedo struck amidships. A second torpedo is said to have followed quickly the wake of the first, and the ship sank 20 minutes later.

BOATS ARE SWAMPED.

Coming without any warning whatever which would have given the passengers a chance to escape in boats, all were surprised when the ship was struck. Many were not aware of the seriousness of the situation then, thinking that the watertight compartments would keep the vessel from sinking. But the damage was too great and the monster listed heavily to starboard where the shot struck. The sinking of the vessel was the cause of many losing their lives, as the boats on the port side were so elevated that they could not be lowered with safety.

Many of the boats were capsized when they were lowered to the water and their occupants drowned while others were too late in getting away from the sinking ship and were drawn under by the suction when the liner went down. A number or survivors were picked up by rescuing boats as they clung to bits of debris floating in the water, while others saved their lives by jumping overboard with lifebelts.

It is believed that quite a number were killed instantly when the torpedo struck, as the explosion was great and caused much damage in the lower regions of the ship. Nearly 150 bodies of those who perished in the war's greatest sea horror were picked up by boats and taken to Queenstown, where they were placed in the morgue to await identification.

OHIOAN TELLS OF RESCUE AND CLAIMS INEEFICIENCY

Queenstown, May 10.—Robert C. Pratt, of Cleveland, former county treasurer of Cuyahoga county, Ohio, was not visibly affected today by his experience in the sinking of the Lusitania. He said:

"I was on deck close by the lounge on the starboard side, reading a novel, when I heard the crash. I started to go below for a life belt, when I changed my mind about the seriousness of the situation and thought it best not to go.

"But when the list continued until the boat near which I was standing was less than three feet from the water, though still fastened to her davits, I knew they were not telling the truth.

"The people already were crowding to the boats, when suddenly the vessel gave a tremendous lurch and I, too, was precipitated into the boat. A man in the water cried 'Help me!' and I reached out my hands to do so, when suddenly it seemed to me as if the end of the world had come.

"There was a crash, a great upheaval and my ears were dinned by the great concussion. Then the water began to boil up all about and I could feel that the boat and all in it had disappeared and I alone was swimming. My thoughts were, 'This is fine; I am swimming.' 'The water is warm and I am enjoying myself,' I said again. Soon I changed my mind. I wasn't enjoying myself at all. The water became cold and I became afraid, but I swam to an overturned boat that I saw in the distance and clung to it for two hours.

"Some distance away was a fishing boat. She made several tacks, but never sailed any nearer. I knew that it was on account of no wind, but I was annoyed. Then a trawler picked me up.

"There was no panic on the Lusitania, but there was an awful lack of efficiency. The boats were not lowered properly. Some were chopped from the ropes, fell and overturned. As far as I can recall, it was just lack of efficiency.

"I don't know who was saved, but I know that Elbert Hubbard must have been drowned. He was a conspicuous person on account of his long hair. I saw him and his wife start below, apparently for life belts, but I never saw either again. I am certain they were drowned."

FAMILY NEARLY WIPED OUT

London, May 10. — Major Ryerson, head of the Canadian Red Cross in the field, has had one son killed in battle, another one lies dangerously wounded, and now his wife and two daughters have been lost on the Lusitania.

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THE NERVES Nervous Debility, Weakness, Jerking, Jumping, Twitching, Trembling, Tired, Worn Out, Feel Like Crying, When Feet Cold and Feet Together, Restlessness, Nervousness, Irritability, Despondency, Wake Up Unrefreshed, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Hands or Feet Numb, Lack Energy, Strength, Ambition? You need Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets. They restore nerve tissue to normal, steady the nerves, banish the blues, make you full of life, vigor, ambition and many years younger.

THE HEART Weakness, Skipping of Beats, Fluttering, Palpitation, Pain or Ache in Left Side, Pains Under Shoulder Blade, Shortness of Breath, Dizzy, Sinking Sensations, Cold Feet, Swollen Feet, Throbbing or Hammering Sensations, Can't Lie on Right Side or Back, Rheumatism, Asthma? Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets.

CATARRH Hawking, Spitting, Accumulation of Mucus, Nasal History Discharge from Stomach, Spit Up Slime, Foul Breath, Nose, Head Color, Dull Headaches, Catarrhal Sores, Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs or Over Entire Body, Slimy Discharge from Bowels? Get Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets at once! They remove the cause.

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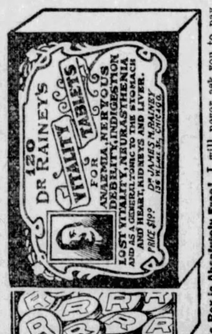

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NOTED FOLKS ON BOARD--- WHO AND WHAT THEY WERE

New York, May 8. — Many persons prominent in the country at large, were on board the Lusitania either on business or pleasure.

Charles Frohman, theatrical manager and producer, sailed with Justus Miles Forman, who wrote the war play called "The Hyphen," which was recently produced by Mr. Frohman.

Mr. Frohman was on his annual prospecting trip and was said to be interested in several plays now being produced in London.

He was born in Sandusky, Ohio, June 17, 1860. He is a brother of Daniel Frohman, referred to as the "least photographed man in the theatrical profession." Shortly after his arrival here, at the age of 13, he obtained employment as an office boy on the Daily Graphic. In the evening he sold tickets at Hooley's theatre in Brooklyn.

His managerial start was made at the age of 17 when he went west with a show called "Our Boys." In November of 1888, he saw "Shenandoah" played in the Boston museum and purchased the rights outside of Boston and was wonderfully successful. Shortly afterwards, he organized the Charles Frohman Stock Co.

At the present time, he is the proprietor and manager of the Empire, Criterion, Lyceum, Garrick, Savoy and Knickerbocker theatres in New York, and the Duke of York, Globe and Adelphi theatres in London. He is also part owner of the Vaudeville theatre in London.

Justus Miles Forman is a well known magazine writer and society man. He went abroad to gather material for another play and act as a war correspondent for several newspapers. He is a graduate of Yale and lives at the Yale club.

Charles Klein, one of the best known American playwrights was returning after a 10 days' business trip to his home in London. Although warned of the danger, he found that his trip was imperative.

While reading plays for Charles Frohman in 1890, he wrote several plays which were successful.

Among his successful plays are "The Music Master," "The Auctioneer," "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Third Degree" and "The Gambler."

He has a wife and two sons who reside in London.

A. L. Hopkins, president of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Co. of Virginia, was said to have gone to Europe regarding the proposed sale of ships to one of the belligerent nations. Mrs. Hopkins, at her home here, refused to talk of the nature of Mr. Hopkins' trip abroad. Information was also refused at the local office.

The firm is the largest builders of battleships in the world. Among the recent ships built for the United States government are the superdreadnaughts Pennsylvania, which was launched recently, and the Mississippi, which will be launched shortly, the dreadnaughts Texas and Delaware and the cruisers Virginia, North Carolina and Montana.

Mrs. R. D. Snyder, wealthy chemist and society woman, was going to London to reorganize several large chemical companies. She had been in England early in the year and was returning to complete her business arrangements, expecting to stay six weeks.

David Alfred Thomas, known as the Welsh coal king and a well known figure in British trade and politics, was also a passenger. He was a member of parliament for 22 years and represented a large mining constituency. He was a friend of the miners and took a prominent part in all the labor disputes. He is 55 years old, and is considered one of the democratic figures in British politics.

Charles F. Fowles, an art dealer and member of the firm of Scott & Fowles, was on a pleasure trip with Mrs. Fowles.

Edgar Gorer, a prominent dealer in Chinese porcelains, was on his annual European trip.

Frank Partridge, a dealer in Chinese porcelains and English furniture and Chinese jades, was returning to his home at Pottersboro, a suburb of London.

Ogden H. Hammond, an insurance broker, sailed with Mrs. Hammond to study conditions due to the war in Europe.

FINANCIAL LOSS $9,000,000

The financial loss caused by the destruction of the Lusitania was between $8,000,000 and $9,000,000. The ship was valued at $7,000,000, the cargo at $1,000,000 and all the passengers lost all their baggage.

SAYS CREW HAD ORDERS TO LOWER NO LIFEBOATS

London, May 10.—Isaac Lehmann, of New York, a first cabin passenger on the Lusitatian, who described himself as being engaged in the department of government supplies, in an interview at Queenstown said at the time when the torpedo hit the vessel there was no excitement.

Mr. Lehmann said that after having witnessed an accident to one of the boats through the snapping of the ropes while it was being lowered, he ran into his cabin and seizing a revolver and a lifebelt, returned to the deck and mpunted a collapsible boat and called to some of the crew to assist in launching it. One sailor, he said, replied that the captain's orders were that no boats were to be put out.

"I promptly drew my revolver, which was loaded with ball cartridges," said Mr. Lehmann, "and shouted, 'I'll shoot the first man who refuses to assist in launching!' The second boat was then lowered. Quite 60 persons were in it. Unfortunately, the Lusitania lurched so badly that the boat repeatedly struck the side of the sinking ship, and I think at least 20 of its occupants were killed or injured.

"At that instant we heard an explosion on the right up forward, and within two minutes the liner disappeared. I was thrown clear of the wreckage and went down twice, but the life belt that I had on brought me up, I was in the water fully four hours and a half."

DECLARES PASSENGERS WERE TOLD THERE WAS NO DANGER EVEN WHEN THE LUSITANIA WAS SETTLING

Cork, May 10.—"From the day we sailed, we complacently spoke of the possibilities of the German menace, but no one believed it, for we scorned the idea of being torpedoed," said F. J. Gauntlett of Washington, who was traveling with A. L. Hopkins—among the missing—and S. M. Knox of Philadelphia, who was saved.

"On making our way to the deck," said Mr. Gauntlett, "we were informed there was no danger and we need not be alarmed, but the ship was gradually sinking deeper into the water, and efforts were made to launch the boats.

"Fifty or more people entered the first boat and as it swung from the davits it fell suddenly. I think most of the occupants perished. Other boats were launched with the greatest difficulty.

"Swinging free from one of them as it descended, I struck out, swimming strongly and steadily, for a piece of wreckage which I observed. On reaching it I found it was one of the collapsible boats, but I had to rip the canvas with a knife before I could get it open. Another passenger climbed into it, and between us we were able to get about 30 people out of the water. While we were thus engaged I noticed that the Lusitania was gradually sinking.

"Women and children under the protection of men had clustered in lines on the port side and as the ship made her plunge, down a little by the head and heeling at an angle of nearly 90 degrees, this little army slid down toward the starboard side, dashing themselves against each other as they went, until they were engulfed."

Mr. Gauntlett said he heard only one explosion, and the whole tragedy was over in 20 minutes.

DECLARES LUSITANIA HAD NO GUNS OR AMMUNITION

New York, May 10.—Herman Winter, head of the passenger department of the Cunard S. S. Co., said today that the Lusitania carried no guns, mounted or unmounted, and no ammunition of any kind.

"It is true," Mr. Winter said, "that she had aboard 4,200 cases of cartridges, but they were cartridges for small guns, packed in separate cases and could not have injured the vessel by exploding. They certainly do not come under the classification of ammunition. The United States authorities would not permit us to carry ammunition, classified as such by the military authorities, on a passenger liner. For years we have been sending small arms cartridges abroad on the Lusitania.

"The Lusitania had 1,250 shrapnel cases, but they were empty. There was no explosive of any sort aboard. As to the report that the Lusitania had guns aboard. I cannot assert too strongly that it is positively untrue. There were no guns whatever aboard. The Lusitania was an unarmed passenger steamer. Furthermore she never has been armed and never carried an unmounted gun or rifle out of port in times of war or peace."

U. S. SINKING TO LEVEL OF CHINA, SAYS WICKERSHAM

Washington, May 10.—The national capital was startled Sunday by a signed statement from George W. Wickersham, who was attorney general in President Taft's cabinet, in which he declared that if the United States government does not arouse itself from its spineless attitude it will sink to the level of China.

He asserts that the motto of this administration seems to be not "safety first," but "safety first, last and all the time."

"A very clear course, it seems to me, is open for us to pursue," says the former attorney general. "We should cancel all diplomatic relations with a country which has declared war on civilization, recall our ambassador from Berlin and hand Count Bernstorff his passports.

"Congress should be summoned in extra session and an appropriation of at least $250,000,000 asked to put us in a condition to protect our rights as a neutral civilized power."

When this is done, Wickersham would have the United States take the lead in calling "a council of civilization" to which all neutrals are to be invited."

THE CORONER'S JURY CALLS IT "WILFUL AND WHOLESALE MURDER"

By the Associated Press.

Kinsale, Ireland, May 10.—The coroner's jury which has been investigating the deaths attendant upon the loss of the Lusitania, returned the following verdict today:

"The jury finds that this appalling crime was contrary to international law and the conventions of all civilized nations, and we therefore charge the officers of the submarine, and the German emperor and the government of Germany, under whose orders they acted, with the crime of willful and wholesale murder."

"TRUST WILSON," SAY GOVERNORS

Majority Declare Now is the Time to Stand by the President.

"Trust President Wilson."

That sentence gives in a nutshell the attitude of governors of various states regarding the stand the government should take on the sinking of the Lusitania by a German submarine and the loss of American lives.

Whatever policy the President pursues in settling the crisis in which the United States has become involved will be backed by the state executives, even to the supplying of troops in the event war is the solution.

Most of the governors, like the President, however, advise coolness and a sane analysis of the facts in the case before passing final judgment.

This is what they say:

TIME FOR SANE THINKING.

Columbus, May 10.—In the midst of the shock and sorrow over the loss of life caused by the sinking of the Lusitania, Ohio's citizens calmly await the facts. Now is the time for cool headedness and to stand by the President.

FRANK B. WILLIS.

IDAHO FOR PEACE, BUT—

Boise, Idaho, May 10.—The people of Idaho are in favor of peace, but if the integrity of the flag has been violated or the right of citizenship trampled upon, Idaho will stand by the flag and by the President and the congress of the United States.

If war is necessary to establish and maintain these principles, Idaho will be found defending the flag with its people and military strength and with all else as a sovereign state should in the national cause.

Idaho is ready to offer a regiment of trained men on a moment's notice, and 10,000 volunteers if called upon. Idaho reposes the utmost confidence in President Wilson, and is willing to submit to his judgment the solution of all foreign questions.

M. ALEXANDER.

NEUTRAL NOW IF EVER.

Sacramento, Cal., May 10.—I feel the situation presents such grave and delicate international problems with which the federal government must deal that I would not wish to express any views which might embarrass the national administration or might be at variance with a definite national policy. I may add that personally I believe in an absolute strict and real attitude of neutrality for our country in the present world conflict.

HIRAM JOHNSON.

CONFIDENCE IN WILSON.

Nashville, Tenn., May 10.—The people of Tennessee have not yet recovered from the shock incident to the sinking of the Lusitania, neither have they at this time sufficient information regarding the appalling disaster upon which to base a definite expression. However, they have implicit confidence in the president and his cabinet and believe the grave situation will be dealt with in such manner as will meet the approval of all patriotic citizens and maintain the dignity and honor of the nation. TOM C. RYE.

UNITED, RIGHT OR WRONG.

Salem, Ore., May 10.—The Lusitania horror may arouse resentment far-reaching enough to force an end of the European holocaust, but not such an end as would eliminate continued competitive armament with its assurance of further wars. Let us withhold denunciation until all the facts are before us. Above all, let us in these difficult hours uphold the national administration to the fullest extent so that its course may be unhampered by factional or partisan opposition. The United States, united for honorable peace, with reparation, and a stern guarantee of its citizens' safety, if such be possible; but loyally united let what may befall, is my message from Oregon. JAMES WITHCOMB.

BAY STATE NEUTRAL.

Boston, Mass., May 10.—The people of Massachusetts are not sufficiently expert in international law to venture an opinion as to whether this terrible act can or cannot be justified on the plea of military necessity; moreover, they believe it is their duty to refrain from embarrassing the president and his advisers by hasty and hotheaded comment, believing that the president's request that genuine neutrality be observed applies to a crisis like the present even more forcibly than to less exciting times.

DAVID I. WALSH.

FAITH IN ADMINISTRATION.

Columbia, S. C., May 10.—South Carolina is shocked at the sinking of the Lusitania by a German submarine. While for the moment patience is strained, President Wilson's poise and wisdom have our unbroken faith. We advise the people to be calm and trust the President. His information will be ample, his judgment dependable. The people of South Carolina will sustain him whatever the event, whatever the costs.

Richard I. Manning.

KANSAS FOR U. S. HONOR.

Topeka, Kas., May 10.—The wanton massacre of innocent American noncombatants by the destruction of the Lusitania in utter disregard of all rules of civilized warfare has shocked our people beyond measure.

Kansas is happily free from the spirit of jingoism. The sentiment of the state is overwhelmingly against war and we would greatly deplore any hasty action that would tend to involve this nation in the wicked and unnecessary contest that is wasting all Europe, but our national honor must be maintained, our flag must command the respect of every belligerent and the life of every American citizen must be held sacred on every sea and in every land.

The war lords of the earth must learn now that "strict accountability" to Washington is not an idle phrase. The people of Kansas, realizing that President Wilson is confronted by the gravest crisis in this country since the secession, have every confidence in his courage, wisdom and discretion, and I am happy to pledge to him the state's loyal support in whatever course his good judgment shall dictate that the government shall pursue in maintaining our national honor.

ARTHUR CAPPER.

KEEP A COOL HEAD

Austin, Tex., May 10.—It is to be much regretted that there has been a loss of American lives. It is also to be regretted that Americans would take passage on Lusitania after warning. Now is the time as never before when we should keep a cool head and steady nerve and not allow ourselves to succumb to the passions of the hour. Let us keep our country free from additional trouble or complications. James E. Ferguson.

THE MARKETS

Toledo, May 10.—There was a firmer tone to wheat prices here on the opening call today. Cash and new crop months were ¼c higher. Liverpool cables were down ½d to 1½d. Trade here was not broad on the initial call. Outside markets opened slightly lower and irregular. There was a display of firmness in the new crop months which indicated that exporters were in the market.

	High.	Low.	May 10.	May 8
Wheat—Open.			Close:	
Cash	1.53¾	1.54	1.51½	1.53
May	1.53¼	1.54	1.51	1.53
July	1.26¼	1.26¾	1.25½	1.26¾
Sept.	1.22½	1.22¼	1.21½	1.22¾
Corn—				
Cash	....	....	76	76½
May	75⅞	75⅝	75¼	75½
July	78⅞	78⅝	78⅜	78⅝
Sept.	80	80⅛	79½	79½
Oats—				
Cash	....	....	54¼	56¼
May	55½	....	54	55½
July	54½	....	54	54½
Sept.	47⅞	....	48	47¾
Clover Seed—				
Prime	7.75	....	7.80	7.75
Oct.	8.30	....	8.27½	8.25
Rye—No. 2—				
Cash	....	....	1.15	1.19
Alsike—				
Cash	8.00	....	8.00	8.00
Timothy—				
Prime	2.95	....	2.95	2.95
Sept.	3.15	....	3.15	3.15
Oct.	....	....	3.10	....
CHICAGO.				
Wheat—				
May	1.52¾	1.55	1.49¾	1.52¼
July	1.27	1.27¼	1.22¼	1.26
Sept.	1.20	1.20½	1.17½	1.19½
Corn—				
May	74¼	75	73⅜	74¼
July	77⅜	77¼	75⅞	76¾
Sept.	78	78	76½	77⅝
Oats—				
May	53¾	....	51⅝	53⅝
July	52½	52¾	50⅞	51⅞
Sept.	45⅞	46	45	46
CHICAGO PROVISIONS.				
Pork—				
May	....	17.62	17.35	17.50
July	18.05	18.10	17.75	17.95
Sept.	18.47	18.52	18.15	18.35
Lard—				
May	....	9.62	9.55	9.55
July	9.82	9.85	9.50	8.67
Sept.	10.05	10.10	9.75	9.95
Ribs—				
May	10.32	10.35	10.20	10.25
July	10.60	10.60	10.32	10.50
Sept.	10.90	10.90	10.62	10.70
MINNEAPOLIS.				
Wheat—				
May	....	....	1.48⅝	1.50
July	....	....	1.44	1.45½
DULUTH.				
Wheat—				
May	....	....	1.53	1.54½
July	....	....	1.48⅞	1.50½
Sept.	....	....	1.21¾	....

Toledo Produce

Butter, Eggs and Cheese.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1-lb. prints, 29½@30c; solid pack, 29@29½c.

Process Butter—Per 30-lb. tubs, rolls and prints or in 10-lb. tubs, 25c; oleo, 18@22c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 15½c; York state, 20c; brick, 15@16c; limburger, 18@20c; block Swiss, 20c; domestic Swiss, 25c; imported, 31c.

Eggs—Fresh, candled, 19c; fancy, fresh, 21c.

Vegetables.

Asparagus—California, sectional cases, 2 doz., $1.35; home-grown, 15c potand.

Beets—New, 60@75c per doz.; 40@50c bu.

Beans—New Southern wax, $3.00; green, $3.00.

Beans—Dry, pea, unpicked, handpicked, $3.40@3.50 per bu.

Cabbage—New, $3.00 case.

Carrots—New, 40@50c per doz. bunches; old, 40@50c per bu.

Celery—Washed, 60c per doz.; extra fancy Mammoth, 90c.

Cauliflower—Southern hothouse, $2.50 per doz.

Home-grown Cukes—$1.40@1.50 per doz.

Endive—French, 20@25c per lb.

Lettuce—Leaf, 6c per lb.; head, Southern, $1.00 doz.

Mango Peppers—Southern, 6-basket crates, $2.75@3.00.

Mushrooms—40@50c quart.

Onions—Yellow or red, 75c bu.; white, 90c bu.

Onion Sets—Yellow, $1.00@1.15 bu.; white, $1.25@1.40 bu.

Onions—New, green, 40@5c doz. bunches.

New Texas Bermuda Onions—$2.00@2.25 per crate; white, $1.85@2.00; yellow, $1.50@1.60.

Parsley—Southern, 50c doz.

Peas—California, $3.50 box.

Pie Plant—Home-grown, 50@60c doz.

Potatoes—$1.25 bag, 150 lbs.; new, $6.00 bbl.

Parsnips—50@60c bu.

Radishes—Round breakfast, 25c doz.; long Southern, 20c doz.

Spinach—Southern, $1.60@1.75.

Salsify—Home-grown, 30@40c.

Tomatoes—Southern, 6-basket crates, $3.00@4.00 per crate; hothouse, 25c lb.

Turnips—New, 50@60c per doz. bunches; old, 30@40c bu.

Fruits.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.50@2.00.

California Navels—$2.00@3.00 per box.

Limes—$1.50 per 100.

Lemons—$3.50@3.75 per box.

Grape Fruit—Florida grape fruit, $3.25@3.50 per box; Cuban, $3.50@4.00.

Cranberries—$2.00 bbl.

Louisiana Fine Berries—$1.75 24-pt. cases; Alabama, quarts, $3.00@3.25.

Pineapples—Cuban, $2.50@3.00 case.

Apples—Baldwins, $2.25@3.50 bbl.

Extra Fancy Stizenberg Apples and Rome Beauties, $1.75@2.00 per box; Staymer Wine Saps, $1.25@1.50 box.

Nuts.

English walnuts, soft shelled, lb., 20c; Italian walnuts, 16@18c lb.; almonds, lb., 20c; filberts, 14c; Brazils, lb., 18c; pecans, lb., 18c; peanuts, No. 1 Jumbos, bag, 9c lb.; new chestnuts, 9@10c; cocoanuts, $4.50 per bag.

Miscellaneous.

Cider—Tonowanda Brand, fancy, 15c gallon.

Maple Syrup—$1.25 gallon.

Dromedary Dates—$2.75 per case of 30 packages.

California Figs—60c 12-lb. box; stewing figs, 6½@7c; Turkish figs, 15@25c lb.

Peanut Butter—11c lb.

Popcorn—Old, 4½c per lb.

Honey—White, 16@17c; case, $4.00.

Navy Beans—$3.10@3.20.

Red Kidney Beans—$3.15@3.25 bu.

Dressed Meats and Poultry.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 10c; heavy and rough, 9c.

Calves—11@12c.

Fowls—Live, 15@16c; young chickens, 15@16c; dressed, 17c.

Turkeys, alive, 17@18c.

Geese, alive, 13@14c.

Ducks, alive, 13@14c.

Yearling lambs—14@15c; spring lambs, pelts, 19@20c; sheep, 10@12c.

Steer Beef—Good, 11@12½c; light, 9c and up; cow beef, 7@9c.

Heifers—9@11c.

Bulls—8@8½c.

Provisions.

Lard—10½c.

Fat Bacon—11½c.

Lean Bacon—22c.

Wide Bacon—6 to 8 lbs., 18c; 9 to 10 lbs., 16c; 11 to 12 lbs., 14c.

Barrel Pork—Clear, pack pork, $18.00; clear hams, sugar cured, 14c; shoulders, 9½c; luncheon hams, 13½c.

Fresh pork sausage, 11c; bologna, 12c; frankforts, 15c; garlic sausage, 12c; outside dried beef, 17c; inside, 23c; knuckles, 25c.

Sea Food

Oysters—Baltimore Standards, 85c per gal.; Baltimore, select, $1.30; Connecticut, mediums, $1.50; extra size, Connecticut, $2.00; New York Counts, $1.60; Blue Points, 60c per 100; Rockaways, $1.25 per 100.

Fresh Fish.

Pickerel, No. 1, 9c; No. 2, 7c; saugers, No. 1, 6c; No. 2, 5c; muilet, 3c; grass pike, 8c; blue pike, 6c; bullheads, dressed, 12½c; herring, 9c; carp, 3½c; whitefish, 12½c; white bass, 6c; gray bass, 3c; perch 7c.

PRODUCERS' PRICES.

Hay (by the load on market place)—Loose, prime timothy, No. 1, $18.00; No. 2, $17.00 up.

Corn on market—Ear, 100 lbs., $1.05.

Oats—60c.

Flour, Feed and Salt.

(Supplied by George T. Browning, 613 Monroe Street).

Flour (retail price on market place)—Spring wheat, per bbl., $8.50@8.75; winter patents, $8.25@8.50 per bbl.; family flour, $7.50@7.75 per bbl.; graham flour, per cwt., $3.00@3.50.

Mill Feed (wholesale price per ton)—Bran, $28.00@30.00; middlings, brown, $29.00@31.00; white middlings, $35.00@37.00; coarse meal, $1.85@2.25 per cwt.; chop feed, $34.00@36.00; old process oil meal, $36.00@38.00.

Hay—Baled, $15.00@17.00.

Cotton seed—$31.00@33.00.

Straw (buying price)—Tight pressed, per ton, $6.00@7.00; loose, bale, 25c.

Oats—Per bu., 57@58c.

Corn—Shelled, bu., 85@90c; ear corn, $1.25 per 100 lbs.

Cornmeal—New, kiln-dried, 100 lbs., $2.00.

Salt—Michigan common, $1.35 per bbl.; Detsof packing, per ton, $8.00; 90c per bag; lump stock salt, $12.00 per ton.

Scratch Feed—100 pounds, $2.00@2.25; beef scrap, 100 lbs., $3.25@3.50; 60 per cent tankage, $3.00 per 100 lbs.

Hides.

Hides—No. 1, 12c; No. 2, 11c; bulls, 10c; green calf, No. 1, 14c; No. 2, 12½c; kip, 12½c; No. 2, 11½c; cured hides, No. 1, 13c; No. 2, 11c; sheep pelts, $1.00@1.50; horse hides, $2.50@3.75.

Cotton.

New York, May 10.—Cotton futures firm; May, 9.25c; July, 9.55c; October, 10.00c; December, 10.22c; January, 10.20c.

There was a further recovery in the cotton market at the opening today with first prices 11 to 17 points higher on a renewal of Saturday's buying movement and in sympathy with the sharp advance at Liverpool. Local traders, however, anticipate a much wider difference between foreign and domestic markets owing to the disturbed war risk situation, with the result that prices here did not respond to the strength abroad, while there was a renewal of scattering liquidation around the initial figures, and the market soon reacted to within five or six points of Saturday's close. Reports from the domestic goods trade encouraging and further showers in the west were considered unfavorable, but sentiment was still evidently unsettled, and people who had carried long cotton over the break of last week appear to be selling on the early advance.

Rumors of very disturbing developments in Washington threw the cotton market into a state of excitement bordering upon demoralization late in the morning and October contracts sold off from 9.73c to 9.46c within five minutes, making a break of about 57 points from the high level of the morning. A prompt denial of the rumors relieved the strain and there were rallies of 18 or 20 points shortly after midday.

Spot cotton, quiet; middling uplands, 9.70c. Sales, 2,000 bales.

Trading was less active during the middle of the afternoon with prices showing rallies of about 16 to 24 points from the early low level. Marine insurance brokers stated there had been no further advance in war risks, and that such insurance was now being offered more freely.

Cleveland Produce.

Cleveland, May 10.—Butter—Creamery, extra, 30½@31c; firsts, 29@29½c; process, extra, 25@25½c; firsts, 23@23½c; fancy dairy, 22½@23½c; choice, 19½@20½c; packing stock, No. 1, 17½@18c; No. 2, 15½@16c. Poultry—Chickens, 16½@17c; broilers, weighing from 1½@1¾ pounds, 35@40c. Eggs—Fresh gathered, extras, 21c; extra firsts, 20c; firsts, 18@19c; do, seconds, 16½c. Potatoes—Carlots, in bulk, 38@40c; sacked, 40@45c, from warehouse, 45@50c; new Florida Hastings, $5.25@5.50 a barrel; Bermudas, $3.50.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, May 10.—Butter—Receipts 8,224 tubs; creamery, extras, 28c; extra firsts, 27½@27½c; firsts, 25@26½c; packing stock, 18@18½c. Eggs—Receipts, 26,500 cases; current receipts, 17@18¾c; ordinary firsts, 17¼@17½c; firsts, 18@18½c; extras, 21c; checks, 14@15½c; dirties, 15@15¼c. Cheese—Twins, new, 14@14½c; dairies, 14½@14¾c; young Americas, 14¾@14¾c; longhorns, 14¾@14¾c; brick, 14¾c. Live poultry—Turkeys, 12c; chickens, 16c; roosters, 10c; geese, 8@10c; ducks, 12@13c. Potatoes—Receipts, 27 cars; Wisconsin and Michigan, 36@45c.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, May 10.—Cattle—Receipts, 700; market steady; choice fat steers, $8.00@8.25; fair to good, but not choice, $7.50@8.00; good to choice butcher heifers, $7.00@7.50; good to choice butcher bulls, $6.25@6.75; fair to good cows, $5.00@6.50. Calves—Receipts, 500; market steady; fair to good, $9.00@9.25. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,000; market steady; good to choice lambs, $9.50@9.65; fair to good, $7.00@8.50; good to choice wethers, $7.00@7.25; good to choice ewes, $6.50@6.75; culls and common, $6.00@6.50. Hogs—Receipts, 5,000; market 5c higher; heavies, $7.35; yorkers, mediums and light yorkers, $7.95; pigs, $7.75; roughs, $6.35; stags, $5.50.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, May 10.—Hogs, receipts 28,000; strong; bulk, $7.30@7.70; light, $7.25@7.70; mixed, $7.15@7.65; heavy, $6.90@7.50; rough, $6.90@7.05; pigs, $5.25@6.90. Cattle, receipts 15,000; native beef steers, $6.65@9.00; western steers, $6.50@7.70; cows and heifers, $3.60@8.65; calves, $6.50@9.45. Sheep, receipts 11,000; strong; sheep,

Eddie Collins Drinks

Coca-Cola

—considers it the premier. all-'round wholesome thirst-quencher for athletes. This comes well from one of whom Comiskey said, after paying $50,000 for him—"I secured him for the White Sox fans because I believe he will prove that he is the greatest exponent of quick thinking and the brainiest player in the game."

Demand the genuine and avoid disappointment

THE COCA-COLA CO.
ATLANTA, GA.

5-F

CAPTAIN TURNER DESCRIBES BLOW THAT SANK SHIP

Engines Disabled So as to Make It Impossible to Reverse Power and Liner Continued On.

Queenstown, May 10.—A gigantic explosion of all the Lusitania's boilers, that tore the vitals out of the luxurious liner and rendered her helpless, followed the impact of the second German torpedo. The liner was plowing ahead and wallowing helplessly on her beam ends when she went down.

This information is contained in Captain W. T. Turner's latest version of the disaster and was secured from an absolutely authoritative source. It follows:

"The missile hit the ship's second boiler room and drove a wing boiler clean through the main boiler on the starboard side. The explosion which followed, blew up all the boilers and cut off all the ship's power.

"Captain Turner thus found it impossible to reverse the engines. At the time she was struck, the vessel was going forward almost under full steam and making about 22 knots an hour.

(Note: It had been estimated by survivors that the ship was traveling at 16 knots when struck.)

"The tremendous momentum kept the liner moving ahead up to the moment she went down. Even from the rigging, where he had climbed, after the bridge had become submerged, Captain Turner could detect the forward movement of his vessel.

It was because of the motion of the ship that Captain Turner ordered the work of lowering the lifeboats stopped.

(Note—This was the first intimation that Captain Turner had given such an order.)

"The first boat lowered landed in the water, while the liner was traveling about 20 knots an hour, and was instantly dragged under the water.

"Captain Turner clung to the rigging until the last moment, when he swam toward some wreckage."

A Cunard official is reported to have made the following statement:

"All possible was done to insure the Lusitania. She would have been sunk, no matter what her speed and no matter what her course. She was to have been destroyed, no matter how large the convoy of ships with her. The Germans already had made their plans to bag her."

AMERICA'S BATTLE FLEET ASSEMBLING IN HUDSON

President to Review War Squadron of 69 Vessels.

The greatest gathering of fighting men and fighting vessels that has congregated in any one place since the days of the Spanish-American war is assembling in the Hudson river, at New York city, for review by President Wilson on May 17. The fleet will include the vessels which participated in the capture of Vera Cruz a year ago, and among them will be the ships that made the record for gunnery in shelling the military academy in the Mexican city without damaging the rest of the city. There will be present also some of the ships that made the historic trip around the world a few years ago.

In all there will be 69 vessels in the fleet, including battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, monitors, and other crafts acting as auxiliaries, including a hospital ship, colliers and an oil ship. All will pass before President Wilson and then move out to sea, some going to target practice and others starting south for the Panama canal to make the first voyage through the canal into the Pacific and to San Francisco.

At the head of the fleet will be Rear Admiral Fletcher, on the flagship Wyoming, commanded by Capt. Herbert O. Dunn. It was Rear Admiral Fletcher's fleet that effected the capture of Vera Cruz with small loss of life and no damage to fighting crafts, even though the landing was made during a storm. Spanish-American war heroes, many of whom were ensigns and lieutenants during the war, will command ships that pass before the President in the review scheduled for next week.

TEUTONIC DRIVE GREATEST MOVE TRIED IN STRIFE

Third Russian Army Said to Face Annihilation Before Onslaught of Germans and Austrians.

London, May 7.—From Bukowina to the Baltic the Germans and Austrians are engaged in the greatest offensive movement yet attempted in this greatest of all wars. Battling desperately, but retreating steadily, the Russians in Western Galicia have fallen back to their second line of defensive positions.

"The Austrian southern wing has crossed the Wisloka river," says a Vienna bulletin. "The Russians are retreating eastward of the Lupkow Pass."

Russians Pushed Back.

That the Russians have been pushed back many miles, first across the Dunajec and now across the Wisloka river which roughly parallels the Dunajec 15 miles to the eastward, all the dispatches from German and Austrian sources insist, but the English newspapers still refuse to concede a great victory to the Austro-Germans, although they admit that a great tentative success has been achieved.

There is faith in England in the great recuperative powers of the Russian arms and the disposition for the moment seems to be to suspend judgment on the question of whether the Russians, if driven from Dukla Pass, will be forced to abandon their advance against Hungary, and indeed their positions in western Galicia.

At any rate the argument is being made by British observers that the Russians should have no trouble in holding their line on the river San in eastern Galicia, especially as their flank would now be covered by Przemysl.

Petrograd advices, however, while conceding a measure of success to the Teutonic allies, say these claims are greatly exaggerated. The Russian war office announces a victory in a battle near Stry, in the Carpathians further east than the scene of the present main battle.

Russians in Beskids Are Menaced.

In the meanwhile, according to claims from both Vienna and Berlin, strong Russian forces in the Beskids are menaced on the flank by a German army under General Marwitz, cooperating with a strong Austro-Hungarian force. Heavy Teutonic armies have, according to the Austrian war office, penetrated the Dukla and Jaslo regions.

In the fighting in the Beskids dispatches from both Berlin and Vienna state that the Russians are being driven from Lupkow Pass. The Austro-Germans have also obtained, they claim, a strong foothold in the Dukla Pass and are battling desperately to press their advantage.

Third Army Faces Annihilation.

The hottest fighting is proceeding in the region east of Tarnow and in the Beskid mountains. Day and night the Teutons and Muscovites are at death grips. During the Russian retreat in western Galicia the Germans report that they and their allies have taken 40,000 prisoners. Vienna asserts that the number is between 50,000 and 60,000, and that the Third Russian army faces annihilation.

Far up in the Russian Baltic provinces, heretofore untouched by war, the Germans are attempting to advance toward Libau and Riga; on the East Prussian frontier they are engaged in a series of battles, and with a big gun are bombarding at long range, as they did Dunkirk, the Russian fortress of Grodno; in Central Poland they have to defend themselves against a Russian attack.

Slavs Driven From Old Front.

In the Western Galician battle the Germans claim to have crossed the Wisloka River, well to the west of the Dunajec River, which until a few days ago formed a part of the Russian front.

These reports show that the Austro-German blow is meeting with greatest success on the northern slopes of the Western Carpathians, for toward the Upper Vistula the Russians appear to be in their old positions.

According to the latest dispatches from the rival capitals the struggle in this theatre has resolved itself into a grim and bloody grapple on a front of more than 90 miles, in which the Russians, their front line broken several days ago, are attempting to withstand the drive of the Austro-German legions against their second line.

Petrograd admits that the present Teutonic offensive, which extends from Bukowina to the Baltic, exceeds all previous attempts to break the Muscovite grip on the Carpathians, but asserts that the Russians are holding their own, although admitting that the Austro-Germans have broken across the Dunajec.

Fighting in Flanders.

The fighting in Flanders finds the Germans still making use of asphyxiating gases, and there is a noticeable current running through the British press which insists that the allies should adopt counter-measures at once. It is being recited that when one power departs from the rules and precedents of warfare, it is manifestly unfair for the other to remain bound by them. Still no formal announcement that Great Britain will make use of gases has been forthcoming.

WHERE AUSTRO-GERMAN ALLIES HAVE PUSHED BACK RUSSIANS IN WESTERN GALICIA

The change in the Galician battle front as a result of the Austro-German advance from the Carpathians to the Vistula is shown by the heavy dotted line.

The positions of the opposing armies a month ago are shown by the lines of rectangles.

Early in April the Russians succeeded in breaking through the Dukla, Lupkaw, and Rostok passes, and advancing over the crests of the Beskid range into Hungary. Here they were stopped by the weather conditions and the increasing opposition of the Teutonic allies.

The inability of the Russians to take Uzsok pass, which controls the railroad to Lemburg, also delayed a further advance in the western Carpathians. The only available railroad was the one through Lupkow, over which it was practically impossible to haul sufficient supplies for the immense army operating over the Hungarian frontier.

It is this line that is now seriously threatened by the new Teuton advance east of the Dunajec river. The heavier the pressure grows on this front the more precarious becomes the position of the advanced Russian lines in the Beskids. Vienna is already reporting a general retreat through Dukla pass, anticipating the only move possible to Grand Duke Nicolas, unless he can check their advances from the coast.

It appears that the slow moving Russians are again caught by the swift moving Teutons and must sacrifice the results of tremendous fighting owing to the lack of railways and transportation facilities.

The Austro-German forces have had the advantage of the various railways radiating from Budapest towards the Hungarian-Galicia frontier, and from the German bases in Silesia through Cracow to the Dunajec river line.

FRANK MAKES PLEA FOR LIFE

Convicted Slayer of Girl Reiterates He's Innocent of Girl's Death.

Atlanta, Ga., May 11.—Resentenced to be hanged on June 22 for the murder of Mary Phagan, Leo Frank made an impassioned plea of innocence before the court. He said:

"Again I stand before you. Again I can but reiterate that I am innocent of the murder of Mary Phagan. I have absolutely no guilty knowledge of that tragic occurrence.

"I am innocent of this charge and I assert that the record of the evidence conclusively proves this. No appellate tribunal has ever passed upon this evidence. The only judge who has ever heard it stated that he had the most serious doubts as to my guilt.

"My execution will not avenge Mary Phagan's death. A life will have been taken for a life, but the real culprit will not have paid the penalty. I will suffer for another's crime.

"My trust is in God, who knows that my protestations of innocence are the truth. At some future date the whole mortal world will realize it. It is the knowledge that God knows it now and that the world will know it some day that inspires me as I stand before your honor and as I face the future.

"It is fundamental in human life to want to live. This desire to exist is ingrained in all of us—it is the basic morality of all who live. To those who have the proper ideals of living, life without honor is insufferable. This is the message of theology and ethics.

"In the light of the whole truth I know—and the Almighty knows—that the morality of my position in this case is unassailable. This being so, my complete exoneration of this terrible charge lies in the future. When that day arrives I shall be vindicated—and if I am alive I will be enabled to enjoy freedom and honor.

"Therefore I want to live."

When Frank had finished the judge recited briefly the legal judgments in the case and then ordered that the original sentence of death be executed and set the date. As the judge concluded Mrs. Frank, who sat at a table with her husband's attorneys, bowed her head upon her arms on the table and sobbed quietly.

14-Year-Old Girl is Heroine of Lusitania

Queenstown, May 10.—The brief time elapsing between the torpedoing and sinking of the Lusitania was long enough to develop a heroine in the person of Miss Kathleen Kaye, 14 years old, returning from New York, where she had been visiting relatives. With smiling words and reassurances she aided stewards in filling a boat with women and children.

When all were in, she climbed aboard the life boat as coolly as an able seaman. One sailor fainted at his oar, as the result of a hard race to escape swamping. The girl took his place and rowed until the boat was out of danger.

None among the survivors bears as little sign of her terrible experiences as Miss Kaye, who spends most of her time comforting and assisting her sisters in misfortune.

KILLED BY PITCHED BALL

New York, May 11.—Edward Seligman, 17, is dead today, as the result of being hit by a pitched ball in a ball game last Sunday.

WILSON SPEECH AIMS A BLOW AT "HYPHEN"

Philadelphia, May 11.—President Wilson gave to a gathering of 4,000 naturalized Americans last night the first intimation of the course which the United States government probably will pursue in the situation resulting from the loss of more than a hundred American lives on the British liner Lusitania.

He spoke by implication, but his hearers interpreted his remarks as meaning that while the United States would remain at peace it would seek to convince Germany of the injustice to mankind of the tragedy of last Friday.

"America," said the President, "must have the consciousness that on all sides it touches elbows and touches heart with all the nations of mankind. The example of America must be a special example. And must be an example not merely of peace, because it will not fight, but because peace is a healing and elevating influence of the world, and strife is not.

"There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight. There is such a thing as being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right."

American Flags Waved.

These remarks precipitated a tumult of applause and patriotic enthusiasm attended by a waving of thousands of small American flags. The President made no direct reference to the Lusitania tragedy, but the audience did not hesitate to read the application of his statement.

Introduced by Mayor Blankenburg, who spoke in distinctly German accent, a welcome and an appeal for a single allegiance to the United States, the President carried forward the idea of the welding of foreign blood in the makeup of America by pointing out the true goal of right American citizenship to be a loyalty not to the country of one's birth, but to the land of one's adoption.

"While you bring," he said, "all countries with you, you come with a purpose of leaving all other countries behind you—bringing what is best of their spirit, but not looking over your shoulder or seeking to perpetuate what you leave in them. I would not certainly be one who would suggest that a man cease to love the place of his origin.

"It is one thing to love the place where you were born and another thing to dedicate yourself to the place where you go. You can't be an American if you think of yourself in groups. America does not consist of groups. A man who considers himself as belonging to a national group is not yet an American.

"My advice to you is to think first not only of America, but think first of humanity, and you do not love humanity if you seek to divide humanity in jealous camps."

The President was constantly interrupted by spontaneous outbursts of applause. He spoke clearly and so quiet was his audience of 4,000 that he could be heard distinctly in all parts of the great hall. Everywhere the red, white and blue flag and bunting was displayed and a band during the evening played patriotic airs. Some of the passages in his speech which the crowd applauded most loudly were these:

"I am sorry for the man who seeks to make personal capital out of the passions of his fellowman. He has lost the touch and ideal of America, for America was created to unite mankind by the passions that lift and unite and not by the passions that separate and debase mankind.

"The man who seeks to divide man from man, group from group, interest from interest in the United States is striking at its very heart."

"I was born in America. You dreamed of what America was to be, and I hope you brought the dream with you. No man who does not see visions will ever realize any higher hopes or undertake any great enterprise."

In his peroration, the President aroused much enthusiam when he said that he felt that he ought not to be away from Washington, but after coming he found that the gathering had renewed his "spirit as an American."

"In Washington," he said, "men tell you so many things every day that are not so and I like to come and stand in the presence of my fellow citizens and drink out of the common fountain with them, feeling the sense of their support."

Because of the present status of international affairs, extraordinary precautions had been taken to guard the President during his stay in Philadelphia. Seven hundred and fifty policemen had been detailed for this duty. Seven detectives acted as a personal bodyguard for Mr. Wilson, and rode directly behind him through the streets. In addition hundreds of policemen led the procession and brought up in the rear. **The city troop acted as a guard of honor. This was the forty-fifth time the troop has thus escorted a president.**

President Pleads for Sanity and U. S. Unity

There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight. There is such a thing as being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right.

You cannot be an American if you think of yourself in groups. America does not consist of groups. A man who considers himself as belonging to a national group is not yet an American.

My advice to you is to think first not only of America but to think first of humanity, and you do not love humanity if you seek to divide humanity in jealous camps.

I am sorry for the man who seeks to make personal capital out of the passions of his fellow men. He has lost the touch and ideal of America. The man who seeks to divide man from man, group from group, interest from interest in the United States is striking at its very heart..

CITY OF ETZINA NOW UNCOVERED

Explorer of Royal Geographic Society Discovers Ancient Desert Post.

London, May 7.—Marco Polo's City of Etzina, where in ancient times travelers bound for the old Mongolian capital of Karakoram used to obtain food for the 40-day trip across the desert, has been discovered and examined by Sir Aurel Stein, whose account of explorations in Central Asia has just been received by the Royal Geographical Society.

Sir Aurel began his trip in April of last year, and his report is dated November 22 from Turfan at the eastern foot of the Tian Shan mountains. His party started from Tunhuang and followed for 250 miles an ancient wall, which he had previously discovered. The wall, with its watch towers, forts and military stations, was built across even what must have been in ancient times a sterile desert. Its construction was remarkably well adapted to the climate, being made of fascines of reeds or brushwood with layers of clay or gravel in between, the only material to withstand the slow grinding but relentless erosion of the winds. Here the Chinese soldiers kept guard during the first centuries before and after Christ. The works show a high degree of engineering skill. In ancient times this country was irrigated, as the remains of ditches proved. Many household implements were found in the ruins of the forts.

Khara-Khoto, Marco Polo's city of Etzina, yielded a large quantity of relics such as Buddhist manuscripts, prints, stucco reliefs and frescos, coins and ornaments. The town is now largely in ruins.

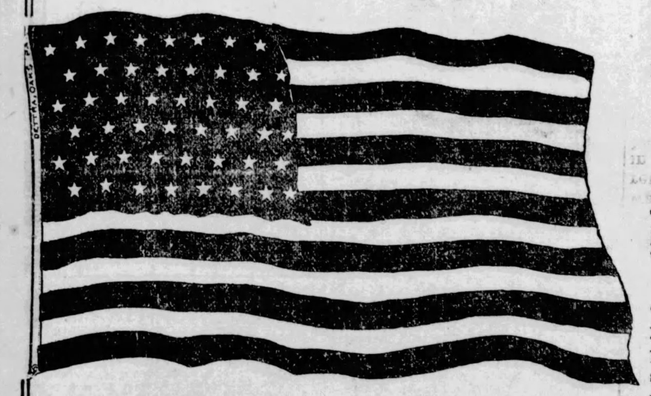
"Why Fear Death?" Frohman's Last Words

London, May 10.—"Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure in life," were the last words of Charles Frohman before he went down with the Lusitania, according to Miss Rita Jolivet, the American actress, with whom he was talking calmly just before the end came.

Miss Jolivet, who was among the survivors taken to Queenstown, said she and Mr. Frohman were standing on deck as the Lusitania heeled over. They decided not to trust themselves to lifeboats, although Mr. Frohman believed the ship was doomed. It was after reaching this decision that he declared he had no fear of death.

Hartlepool, England, May 6. — The Grimsby trawler Stratton was sunk by a German submarine in the North sea Wednesday. Her crew was saved.

ARE YOU AN AMERICAN?



Of course you are a patriotic American. You love your country, its people—and you love our flag, the symbol of peace, prosperity and liberty.

For Memorial Day, May 30

For Flag Day, June 14

For the Fourth of July

You want a fine flag to hang over your roof, to drape from your window, to carry in the processions. Get one. We will send you one at a real bargain price.

A Big American Flag For Our Readers . . . 49c

POSTPAID

This flag is 3x5 feet, sunproof, rainproof, guaranteed not to run or fade. It has canvas beadings and grommets, so it cannot tear. The stripes are sewed on, not merely printed.

SPECIAL
A larger flag, size 5 x 8 feet, just as well made, postpaid.... 98c

Address Weekly Blade Premium Dept., Toledo, Ohio.

CLASSIFIED OPPORTUNITIES

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than forty-two lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

MALE HELP WANTED.

Men to qualify for conductors, motormen; $70-$100 monthly; experience unnecessary; men instructed and supplied to companies; state age. Railway Service Bureau, 1613 Liggitt Bldg., St. Louis.

Firemen and brakemen; $100 monthly; experience unnecessary; hundreds needed by the best railroads everywhere; particulars free. 797 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

I made $50,000 in five years with a small mail order business; began with $5; send for free booklet; tells how. Heacock, 668, Lockport, N. Y.

HELP WANTED.

Over 15,000 men and women wanted this year for government jobs; $65.00 to $150 month; vacations with pay; no layoffs; short hours; common education sufficient; "pull" unnecessary. Write immediately for free list positions now obtainable. Franklin Institute, Dept. W-31, Rochester, N. Y.

Motormen, conductors, interurban, earn $80 monthly; experience unnecessary; qualify now; state age; details free. Address Box L-61, care Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

$35 weekly; men or women; something new. Superba Co., A-6, Baltimore, Md.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

Free for six months—My special offer to introduce my magazine "INVESTMENT FOR PROFIT." It is worth $10 a copy to anyone who has been getting poorer while the rich, richer. It demonstrates the REAL earning power of money, and shows how anyone, no mater how poor, CAN acquire riches. INVESTING FOR PROFIT is the only progressive financial journal published. It shows how $100 grows to $2,200. Write NOW and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 407 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

For Sale—Limited issue, state inspected securities earning 25% and upwards. Address New Home Development Co., 3021 Stanton ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

FARMS WANTED.

Farms Wanted—We have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming lowest price. We help buyers locate desirable property Free. American Investment Association, 96 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

AGENTS.

Made $42.75 first week, writes Crawford, of W. Virginia. Exciting home make money quick, sure. All or spare time perience unnecessary. M. Long, of Pa., $16.25 outfit, writes: Turned out $30.00 of plating in two weeks. Thos. Parker, teacher, writes: Made $4.80 profit one Geo. Crawford, "$7.00 one day." R. R. having more plating than I can do. Bender. "Great demand for replating." Sweeney, "Easy to learn;" $5 to $15 a gold, silver, nickel and royal plating Everybody has tableware and jewelry and goods needing plating. Materials cents to do $1.00 worth of plating. no competition. We do plating ourselves you to do finest plating a lifetime your own. We're old firm capitol $100,000 today for circulars and free sample of Clip this out, it won't appear again. Company Plating Works, 756 Gray Bldg., cinnati, Ohio.

Men of ideas and inventive should write for new "Lists of Needed tions" patent buyers and "How to Get Patent and Your Money." Advice free. & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 67, Wash.

Iceless Milk Bottle Cooler—Keeps milk and cream from souring, absolutely retails 50c. Dept. 98, Edmund Feay Muncie, Ind.

PROFESSIONAL.

Optometry — Profitable profession new and uncrowded. Fitting glasses by tific methods. Men or women quickly prepared practice by our "Home Study" course. Diplomas granted. Liberal payment plans. Send for catalog and full particulars. Chicago School of Refraction, 514 Journal Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

POULTRY.

Day-Old Chicks—Best laying strains 15,000 per week; Leghorns, Rocks, Reds, Orpingtons, Wyandottes; guarantee pure blood, strong chicks, live delivery; ship everywhere; free catalog. Tiffin Poultry Farm & Hatchery, Box 11, Tiffin, O.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We pay 25c each for farmers' names. Send dime for contract. G Sun, LeRoy, Mich.

Wanted—Young red foxes; give age and price. T. W. Davis, Greenville, S. C.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED

Free report as to patentability. Illustrated Guide Book and List of Inventions Wanted sent free. Victor J. Evans & Co., 126 9th, Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED.

GOVERNMENT positions are easy to get. Our free booklet X-1032 tells how. Write immediately —NOW. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

207 Acres $11000

Splendid Farm With Full Equipment

High grade modern New York state dairy grain farm, in rich farming section surrounded by some of the best farms in the state; good buildings, productive land, good location; contains hay besides other crops, 30 acres good watered pasture, lots of wood, 400 augar trees, 60 apple trees, other fruit; fine 2-story 12-room house, bath, big barn, running spring water other buildings; estate must be settled; quick buyer gets 12 cows, all wagons, machinery, tools; photo of handsome residence, all details, traveling directions, etc., page 24, "Strout's Farm Catalogue 38." Write today for your free copy. E. A. Stroud Farm Agency, Station B, University Block, Syracuse, N. Y.

Fish Bite like hungry wolves any season, if you bait with Magic-Fish-Lure. Best fish bait ever discovered. Keeps you busy pulling them out. Write to-day and get box to help introduce it. Agents wanted. **J. F. Gregory, Dept. 96** St. Louis, Mo.

LUSITANIA DEAD GIVEN BURIAL IN QUEENSTOWN

Town's Folk March With Bared Heads to Cemetery, Where United Service is Held.

Queenstown, May 10.—Amidst scenes of mourning as deep as though the dead were all sons of Ireland, many of the victims of the German submarine which sank the great liner Lusitania, today were borne to the old cemetery of Queenstown and buried with unusual honors.

The imposing tribute of the army and navy was no more touching than the tears of the town's folk, who, with bared heads, trudged beside the endless string of hearses and gave such comfort as they could to the mourners. Some of the coffins bore flowers; most of them did not.

War had brought suffering to Queenstown long before the disaster at the city's gates, but the sinking of the big liner struck into the very midst of this peaceful city one of war's most frightful blows. In this city of dead, with its half-masted flags and its universal air of tragedy, the shock bore a deeper sting because the dead were not soldiers and sailors of the fighting line, but peaceful men and women, and even little children.

Recalls Sinking of Frigate.

Not since the sea disaster of many years ago, when a hurricane swept the port, sinking a French frigate with the loss of many lives, has Queenstown presented such a funeral appearance. At that time the corpses of hundreds of victims were carried to the old cemetery, four miles out from the city, and buried with the simplicity that always marks the interment of human sacrifices in disaster. The scenes today were identical.

Alongside the enclosure where lie those unknown French sailors a long line of graves had been dug by men who worked throughout the night. The yellow earth gleamed in the morning sunshine when the first consignment of the dead arrived and the chaplains began to chant the death service over the bodies of these soldiers of peace.

Not Enough Hearses.

Under the shadow of the time-stained monument erected to the memory of those French dead, mourners gathered for their final tribute to the memory of the present-day victims of Germany—the ancient enemy of France.

It had been intended to have each body carried in a separate vehicle, but as there were only eight hearses in the city and the number of other vehicles and horses was limited, owing to the demands of the war, this idea had to be abandoned. In consequence, the bodies had to be borne in relays and the funeral services lasted all day.

Difficulty was experieinced in getting enough coffins and demands were made upon other cities. Finally the required number was procured, although some of them were makeshift affairs.

United Service for the Dead.

Detachments of troops and squads of seamen, together with cordons of mounted military police, escorted the hearses to the cemetery. Clergymen of all creeds united in common service for the dead.

On account of the hot weather and the condition of some of the bodies, they could not be embalmed, but had to be sealed in airtight coffins as quickly as possible. Many relatives, speeding here for a last glimpse of loved ones, will be denied that privilege.

Members of the Connaught Rangers had been detailed for grave-digging service. They excavated three huge pits, each 20 by 36 feet, accommodating 60 coffins. In addition, dozens of grave diggers dug scores of individual graves.

A movement has already been started to erect a memorial shaft above the graves.

Pathetic scenes marked the day in the improvised morgue and mortuary chapels, from which the dead were removed. **None of the bodies was encased in shrouds, all of them bearing the clothing which they wore when** picked up out of the sea. It was a ghastly sight.

Among the corpses were the bodies of four babies, all dressed in white and in their bare feet. The little hands of all these tiny victims were relaxed in contrast with the clenched fists of most of the many victims, who had apparently died in agony and fear.

Mrs. R. D. Shymer, an American woman, and the former wife of an English nobleman, came nearly being buried among the unidentified dead. Just as the authorities had decided to inter her as nameless and after her body had been placed in a coffin, she was identified by a friend of John K. M. Landis, of Chicago.

The body of Charles Frohman was not buried. It will be shipped to the United States.

Great Bargains in Fine Sewing Machines

Blade Distributes Machines to Readers at Big Savings to Buyers

If you are not one of the fortunate persons who have taken advantage of the Toledo Weekly Blade's sewing machine distribution, do not hesitate to get full information at once. This is an extraordinary opportunity for saving at least one-third of the price you usually would have to pay for a high class machine.

The Weekly Blade has arranged with the largest sewing machine manufacturer in the United States to supply machines direct from the factory to our readers. In doing this every cent of the middleman's profit is entirely eliminated, and the selling price is what usually is paid for such machines wholesale. The quality of these machines is such that you could not duplicate it for at least one-third more than Blade prices.

There are six models of these machines, ranging in price from $12.50 to $40.00, each of which is without doubt the most remarkable value.

The Blade has prepared a free book which describes each of the machines in detail and tells all about the special equipment and supplies which are given with each purchase. You may have this book simply by sending in your name and saying "I am interested."

Of course you need a machine in your home. Why not buy one now when you can save so much money? Send for this book. It doesn't obligate you in any way. Send for it now. You will be glad to learn the truth about sewing machine values. Address The Weekly Blade Premium Department, Toledo, Ohio.

"VENGEANCE," BELASCO'S CRY

Would Shoot Down "Fiend" Who Caused Death of Charles Frohman.

New York, May 10.—David Belasco commenting on the death of Charles Frohman, said: "If this be war, needlessly take a life so useful and so precious, then I would like a chance to put a musket to my shoulder and shoot down the mad fiend who conceived the vile idea.